

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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


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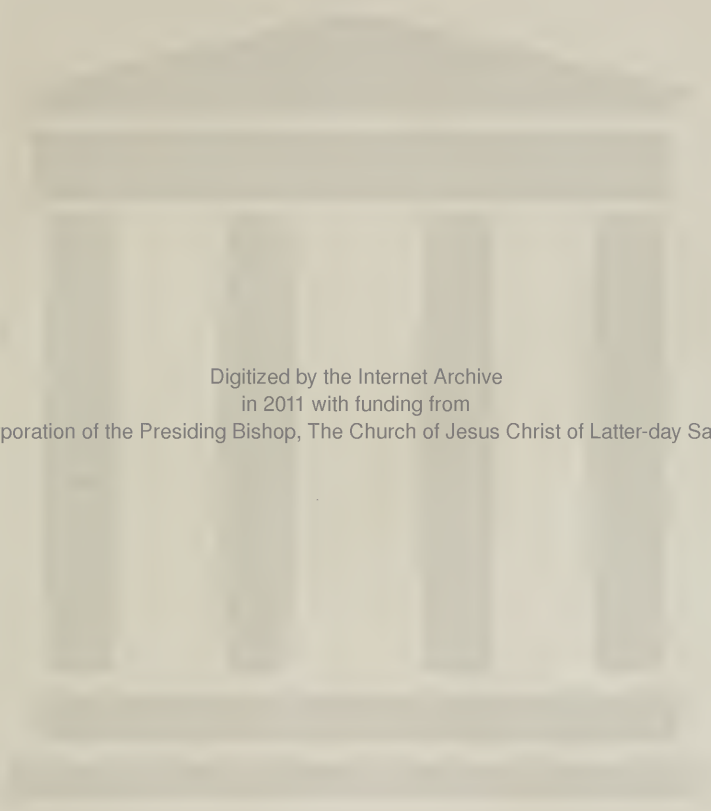
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LUCY SMITH

BORN JULY 8, 1776

DIED MAY 5, 1855

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No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AUTHOR'S DREAM.

While we were living in the town of Tunbridge, my mind became deeply impressed with the subject of religion; which, probably, was occasioned by my singular experience during my sickness at Randolph. I commenced attending Methodist meetings, and in order to oblige me, my husband accompanied me; but when this came to the ears of his oldest brother, he was so displeased, and said so much in regard to the matter, that my husband thought it best to desist. He said that he considered it hardly worth our while to attend the meetings any longer, as it would prove of but little advantage to us; besides this, it gave our friends such disagreeable feelings. I was considerably hurt by this, yet I made no reply. I retired to a grove not far distant, where I prayed to the Lord in behalf of my husband—that the true gospel might be presented to him, and that his heart might be softened so as to receive it, or, that he might become more religiously inclined. After praying some time in this manner, I returned to the house,

much depressed in spirit, which state of feeling continued until I retired to my bed. I soon fell asleep, and had the following dream:—

I thought that I stood in a large and beautiful meadow, which lay a short distance from the house in which we lived, and that everything around me wore an aspect of peculiar pleasantness. The first thing that attracted my special attention in this magnificent meadow, was a very pure and clear stream of water, which ran through the midst of it; and as I traced this stream, I discovered two trees standing upon its margin, both of which were on the same side of the stream. These trees were very beautiful, they were well proportioned, and towered with majestic beauty to a great height. Their branches, which added to their symmetry and glory, commenced near the top, and spread themselves in luxurious grandeur around. I gazed upon them with wonder and admiration; and after beholding them a short time, I saw one of them was surrounded with a bright belt, that shone like burnished gold, but far more brilliantly. Presently, a gentle breeze passed by, and the tree encircled with this golden zone, bent gracefully before the wind, and waved its beautiful branches in the light air. As the wind increased, this tree assumed the most lively and animated appearance, and seemed to express in its motions the utmost joy and happiness. If it had been an intelligent creature, it could not have conveyed, by the power of language, the idea of joy and gratitude so perfectly as it did; and even the stream that rolled beneath it, shared, apparently, every sensation felt by the tree, for, as the branches danced over the stream, it would swell gently, then recede again with a motion as soft as the breathing of an infant, but as lively as the dancing of a sunbeam. The belt also partook of the same influence, and, as it moved in unison with the motion of the stream and of the tree, it increased continually in refulgence and magnitude, until it became exceedingly glorious.

I turned my eyes upon its fellow, which stood opposite; but it was not surrounded with the belt of light as the former, and it stood erect and fixed as a pillar of marble. No matter how strong the wind blew over it, not a leaf was stirred, not a bough was bent; but obstinately stiff it stood, scorning alike the zephyr's breath, or the power of the mighty storm.

I wondered at what I saw, and said in my heart, What can be the meaning of all this? And the interpretation given me was, that these personated my husband and his oldest brother, Jesse Smith; that the stubborn and unyielding tree was like Jesse; that the other, more pliant

and flexible, was like Joseph, my husband; that the breath of heaven, which passed over them, was the pure and undefiled gospel of the Son of God, which gospel Jesse would always resist, but which Joseph, when he was more advanced in life, would hear and receive with his whole heart, and rejoice therein; and unto him would be added intelligence, happiness, glory, and everlasting life.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST VISION OF JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR—THE BOX—SECOND VISION—THE TREE AND THE SPACIOUS BUILDING.

After selling the farm at Tunbridge, we moved only a short distance, to the town of Royalton. Here we resided a few months, then moved again to Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont. In the latter place, my husband rented a farm of my father, which he cultivated in the summer, teaching school in the winter. In this way my husband continued laboring for a few years, during which time our circumstances gradually improved, until we found ourselves quite comfortable again.

In the meantime, we had a son whom we called Joseph, after the name of his father; he was born December 23, 1805. I shall speak of him more particularly by and by.

We moved thence to Tunbridge. Here we had another son, whom we named Samuel Harrison, born March 13, 1808. We lived in this place a short time, then moved to Royalton, where Ephraim was born, March 13, 1810. We continued here until we had another son, born March 13, 1811, whom we called William.

About this time my husband's mind became much excited upon the subject of religion; yet he would not subscribe to any particular system of faith, but contended for the ancient order, as established by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and his Apostles.

One night my husband retired to his bed, in a very thoughtful state of mind, contemplating the situation of the Christian religion, or the confusion and discord that were extant. He soon fell into a sleep, and before waking had the following vision, which I shall relate in his own words, just as he told it to me the next morning:—

"I seemed to be traveling in an open, barren field, and as I was traveling, I turned my eyes towards the east, the west, the north and the

south, but could see nothing save dead, fallen timber. Not a vestige of life, either animal or vegetable, could be seen; besides, to render the scene still more dreary, the most death-like silence prevailed, no sound of anything animate could be heard in all the field. I was alone in this gloomy desert, with the exception of an attendant spirit, who kept constantly by my side. Of him I inquired the meaning of what I saw, and why I was thus traveling in such a dismal place. He answered thus: 'This field is the world, which now lieth inanimate and dumb, in regard to the true religion, or plan of salvation; but travel on, and by the wayside you will find on a certain log a box, the contents of which, if you eat thereof, will make you wise, and give unto you wisdom and understanding.' I carefully observed what was told me by my guide, and proceeding a short distance, I came to the box. I immediately took it up, and placed it under my left arm; then with eagerness I raised the lid, and began to taste of its contents; upon which all manner of beasts, horned cattle, and roaring animals, rose up on every side in the most threatening manner possible, tearing the earth, tossing their horns, and bellowing most terrifically all around me, and they finally came so close upon me, that I was compelled to drop the box, and fly for my life. Yet, in the midst, of all this I was perfectly happy though I awoke trembling."

From this forward, my husband seemed more confirmed than ever, in the opinion that there was no order or class of religionists that knew any more concerning the Kingdom of God, than those of the world, or such as made no profession of religion whatever.

In 1811, we moved from Royalton, Vermont, to the town of Lebanon, New Hampshire. Soon after arriving here, my husband received another very singular vision, which I will relate:—

"I thought," said he, "I was traveling in an open, desolate field, which appeared to be very barren. As I was thus traveling, the thought suddenly came into my mind that I had better stop and reflect upon what I was doing, before I went any further. So I asked myself, 'What motive can I have in traveling here, and what place can this be?' My guide, who was by my side, as before, said, 'This is the desolate world; but travel on.' The road was so broad and barren, that I wondered why I should travel in it; for, said I to myself, 'Broad is the road, and wide is the gate that leads to death, and many there be that walk therein; but narrow is the way, and strait is the gate that leads to everlasting life, and few there be that go in thereat.' Traveling a short distance further,

I came to a narrow path. This path I entered, and, when I had traveled a little way in it, I beheld a beautiful stream of water, which ran from the east to the west. Of this stream, I could see neither the source nor yet the mouth; but as far as my eyes could extend I could see a rope, running along the bank of it, about as high as a man could reach, and beyond me, was a low, but very pleasant valley, in which stood a tree, such as I had never seen before. It was exceedingly handsome, insomuch that I looked upon it with wonder and admiration. Its beautiful branches spread themselves somewhat like an umbrella, and it bore a kind of fruit, in shape much like a chestnut bur, and as white as snow, or, if possible, whiter. I gazed upon the same with considerable interest, and as I was doing so, the burs or shells commenced opening and shedding their particles, or the fruit which they contained, which was of dazzling whiteness. I drew near, and began to eat of it, and I found it delicious beyond description. As I was eating, I said in my heart, 'I cannot eat this alone, I must bring my wife and children, that they may partake with me.' Accordingly, I went and brought my family, which consisted of a wife and seven children, and we all commenced eating, and praising God for this blessing. We were exceedingly happy, insomuch that our joy could not easily be expressed. While thus engaged, I beheld a spacious building standing opposite the valley which we were in, and it appeared to reach to the very heavens. It was full of doors and windows, and they were all filled with people, who were very finely dressed. When these people observed us in the low valley, under the tree, they pointed the finger of scorn at us, and treated us with all manner of disrespect and contempt. But their contumely we utterly disregarded. I presently turned to my guide, and inquired of him the meaning of the fruit that was so delicious. He told me it was the pure love of God, shed abroad in the hearts of all those who love him, and keep his commandments. He then commanded me to go and bring the rest of my children. I told him that we were all there. 'No,' he replied, 'look yonder, you have two more, and you must bring them also.' Upon raising my eyes, I saw two small children, standing some distance off. I immediately went to them, and brought them to the tree; upon which they commenced eating with the rest, and we all rejoiced together. The more we ate, the more we seemed to desire, until we even got down upon our knees, and scooped it up, eating it by double handfuls. After feasting in this manner a short time, I asked my guide what was the meaning of the spacious building which I saw. He replied, 'It is Babylon, it is Babylon, and it must fall. The people in the doors and windows are the

inhabitants thereof, who scorn and despise the Saints of God, because of their humility.' I soon awoke, clapping my hands together for joy."

CHAPTER XV.

SICKNESS AT LEBANON—SOPHRONIA'S MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

We moved, as before-mentioned, to the town of Lebanon, New Hampshire. Here we settled ourselves down, and began to contemplate, with joy and satisfaction, the prosperity which had attended our recent exertions; and we doubled our diligence, in order to obtain more of this world's goods, with the view of assisting our children, when they should need it; and, as is quite natural, we looked forward to the decline of life, and were providing for its wants, as well as striving to procure those things which contribute much to the comfort of old age.

As our children had, in a great measure, been debarred from the privilege of schools, we began to make every arrangement to attend to this important duty. We established our second son Hyrum in an academy at Hanover; and the rest, that were of sufficient age, we were sending to a common school that was quite convenient. Meanwhile, myself and companion were doing all that our abilities would admit of for the future welfare and advantage of the family; and were greatly blessed in our labors.

But this state of things did not long continue. The typhus fever came into Lebanon, and raged tremendously. Among the number seized with this complaint were, first, Sophronia; next Hyrum, who was taken while at school, and came home sick; then Alvin; in short, one after another was taken down, till all the family, with the exception of myself and husband, were prostrated upon beds of sickness.

Sophronia had a heavy siege. The physician attended her eighty-nine days, giving her medicine all the while; but on the ninetieth day, he said she was so far gone, it was not for her to receive any benefit from medicine, and for this cause he discontinued his attendance. The ensuing night, she lay altogether motionless, with her eyes wide open, and with that peculiar aspect which bespeaks the near approach of death. As she thus lay, I gazed upon her as a mother looks upon the last shade of life in a darling

child. In this moment of distraction, my husband and myself clasped our hands, fell upon our knees by the bedside, and poured out our grief to God, in prayer and supplication, beseeching him to spare our child yet a little longer.

Did the Lord hear our petition? Yes; he most assuredly did, and before we rose to our feet, he gave us a testimony that she would recover. When we first arose from prayer, our child had, to all appearance, ceased breathing. I caught a blanket, threw it around her, then, taking her in my arms, commenced pacing the floor. Those present remonstrated against my doing as I did, saying, "Mrs. Smith, it is all of no use; you are certainly crazy, your child is dead." Notwithstanding, I would not, for a moment, relinquish the hope of again seeing her breathe and live.

This recital, doubtless, will be uninteresting to some; but those who have experienced in life something of this kind are susceptible of feeling, and can sympathize with me. Are you a mother who has been bereft of a child? Feel for your heart-strings, and then tell me how I felt with my expiring child pressed to my bosom! Would you at this trying moment feel to deny that God had "power to save to the uttermost all who call on him"! I did not then, neither do I now.

At length she sobbed. I still pressed her to my breast, and continued to walk the floor. She sobbed again, then looked up into my face, and commenced breathing quite freely. My soul was satisfied, but my strength was gone. I laid my daughter on the bed, and sunk by her side, completely overpowered by the intensity of my feelings.

From this time forward Sophronia continued mending, until she entirely recovered.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JOSEPH SMITH, JUNIOR, WITH A FEVER SORE
—EXTRACTION OF LARGE FRAGMENTS OF BONE FROM ONE OF
HIS LEGS.

Joseph, our third son, having recovered from the typhus fever, after something like two weeks' sickness, one day screamed

out while sitting in a chair, with a pain in his shoulder, and, in a very short time, he appeared to be in such agony, that we feared the consequence would prove to be something very serious. We immediately sent for a doctor. When he arrived, and had examined the patient, he said that it was his opinion that this pain was occasioned by a sprain. But the child declared this could not be the case, as he had received no injury in any way whatever, but that a severe pain had seized him all at once, of the cause of which he was entirely ignorant.

Notwithstanding the child's protestations, still the physician insisted that it must be a sprain, and consequently, he anointed his shoulder with some bone linament, but this was of no advantage to him, for the pain continued the same after the anointing as before.

When two weeks of extreme suffering had elapsed, the attendant physician concluded to make closer examination: whereupon he found that a large fever sore had gathered between his breast and shoulder. He immediately lanced it, upon which it discharged fully a quart of matter.

As soon as the sore had discharged itself, the pain left it, and shot like lightening (using his own terms) down his side into the marrow of the bone of his leg, and soon became very severe. My poor boy, at this, was almost in despair, and he, cried out "Oh, father! the pain is so severe, how can I bear it!"

His leg soon began to swell, and he continued to suffer the greatest agony for the space of two weeks longer. During this period, I carried him much of the time in my arms, in order to mitigate his suffering as much as possible; in consequence of which I was taken very ill myself. The anxiety of mind that I experienced, together with physical over-exertion, was too much for my constitution, and my nature sank under it.

Hyrum, who was rather remarkable for his tenderness and sympathy, now desired that he might take my place. As he was a good, trusty boy, we let him do so; and, in order to make the task as easy for him as possible, we laid Joseph upon a low bed, and Hyrum sat beside him, almost day and night, for some considerable length of time, holding the affected part of his leg in his hands, and pressing it between them, so that his afflicted

brother might be enabled to endure the pain, which was so excruciating that he was scarcely able to bear it.

At the end of three weeks, we thought it advisable to send again for the surgeon. When he came, he made an incision of eight inches, on the front side of the leg, between the knee and ankle. This relieved the pain in a great measure, and the patient was quite comfortable until the wound began to heal, when the pain became as violent as ever.

The surgeon was called again, and he this time enlarged the wound, cutting the leg even to the bone. It commenced healing the second time, and as soon as it began to heal, it also began to swell again, which swelling continued to rise till we deemed it wisdom to call a council of surgeons; and when they met in consultation, they decided that amputation was the only remedy.

Soon after coming to this conclusion, they rode up to the door, and were invited into a room, apart from the one in which Joseph lay. They being seated, I addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, what can you do to save my boy's leg?" They answered, "We can do nothing; we have cut it open to the bone, and find it so affected that we consider his leg incurable, and that amputation is absolutely necessary in order to save his life."

This was like a thunderbolt to me. I appealed to the principal surgeon, saying, "Dr. Stone, can you not make another trial? Can you not, by cutting around the bone, take out the diseased part, and perhaps that which is sound will heal over, and by this means you will save his leg? You will not, you must not, take off his leg, until you try once more. I will not consent to let you enter his room until you make me this promise."

After consulting a short time with each other, they agreed to do as I had requested, then went to see my suffering son. One of the doctors, on approaching his bed, said, "My poor boy, we have come again." "Yes," said Joseph, "I see you have; but you have not come to take off my leg, have you, sir?" "No," replied the surgeon, "it is your mother's request that we make one more effort, and that is what we have now come for."

The principal surgeon, after a moment's conversation, ordered cords to be brought to bind Joseph fast to a bedstead; but to this Joseph objected. The doctor, however, insisted that he must be

confined, upon which Joseph said very decidedly, "No, doctor, I will not be bound, for I can bear the operation much better if I have my liberty." "Then," said Dr. Stone, "will you drink some brandy?"

"No," said Joseph, "not one drop."

"Will you take some wine?" rejoined the doctor. "You must take something, or you can never endure the severe operation to which you must be subjected."

"No," exclaimed Joseph, "I will not touch one particle of liquor, neither will I be tied down; but I will tell you what I will do—I will have my father sit on the bed and hold me in his arms, and then I will do whatever is necessary in order to have the bone taken out." Looking at me, he said, "Mother, I want you to leave the room, for I know you cannot bear to see me suffer so; father can stand it, but you have carried me so much, and watched over me so long, you are almost worn out." Then looking up into my face, his eyes swimming in tears, he continued, "Now, mother, promise me that you will not stay, will you? The Lord will help me, and I shall get through with it."

To this request I consented, and getting a number of folded sheets, and laying them under his leg, I retired, going several hundred yards from the house in order to be out of hearing.

The surgeons commenced operating by boring into the bone of his leg, first on one side of the bone where it was affected, then on the other side, after which they broke it off with a pair of forceps or pincers. They thus took away large pieces of the bone. When they broke off the first piece, Joseph screamed out so loudly, that I could not forbear running to him. On my entering the room, he cried out, "Oh, mother, go back, go back; I do not want you to come in—I will try to tough it out, if you will go away."

When the third piece was taken away, I burst into the room again—and oh, my God! what a spectacle for a mother's eye! The wound torn open, the blood still gushing from it, and the bed literally covered with blood. Joseph was pale as a corpse, and large drops of sweat were rolling down his face, whilst upon every feature was depicted the utmost agony!

I was immediately forced from the room, and detained until the operation was completed; but when the act was accomplished,

Joseph put upon a clean bed, the room cleared of every appearance of blood, and the instruments which were used in the operation removed, I was permitted again to enter.

Joseph immediately commenced getting better, and from this onward, continued to mend until he became strong and healthy. When he had so far recovered as to be able to travel, he went with his uncle, Jesse Smith, to Salem, for the benefit of his health, hoping the sea-breezes would be of service to him, and in this he was not disappointed.

Having passed through about a year of sickness and distress, health again returned to our family, and we most assuredly realized the blessing; and indeed, we felt to acknowledge the hand of God, more in preserving our lives through such a tremendous scene of affliction, than if we had, during this time, seen nothing but health and prosperity.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

What is thy end, O foot-tread of the year,
And thou, dank husk, flung wilting on life's pyre?
When not one hand of all that thou hast led
May turn to touch anew thy silenced lyre;
Is pure regretting something nobler, higher
Than passion-painted words of ours can tell?
Is silence nearer to the great wide Calm,
Whence mighty wings of peace spread forth to heal,
With voiceless power, like touch of myrrh's balm?

Blest are thy depths, O heart-beat penitent,
When, like a flood-tide battling to be heard,
Contrition doth entreat with thee for voice,
And all thy wells of purity are stirred—
Yet unresponsive lips can sound no word—
For mute revealing hath no claims of earth,
And in the dawn that spans the pain of tears,
There shall our intent mingle voice with His,
Who garners back the harvest of the years.

BERTHA E. ANDERSON.

ON CHOOSING LIFE MODELS.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY, AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE," ETC.

Mankind are all imitators; and it is by observing and imitating the acts of others that one's character is formed. Children copy the habits of their parents and of those immediately about them; but as they grow older they find other models after which to pattern. By reading and by observation, a boy learns of the exploits of men who are represented as being famous for their noble deeds; and, on becoming familiar with the lives of such characters, he admires them, and naturally adopts them as models after which to shape his own life. Such a course is highly proper, providing the young man is led to select the right kind of model. If left to himself to choose one, he should consider well before deciding.

Not every man who has acquired worldly renown has lived a life worthy of emulation; nor are the pursuits that seem to offer the greatest opportunities for the achievement of fame the most worthy of one's consideration. Frequently a false estimate is placed upon the value of men's actions and occupations. It seems to be popular to look upon victorious soldiers as the greatest of heroes, and to regard military successes as the grandest achievements. And this sentiment respecting the soldier and his avocation sometimes inspires young men with a military spirit, and a desire is awakened within them to become soldiers, not particularly from patriotic motives, but more for the glory and honor they expect to gain. Until nations learn to live without going to war with each other, it may be necessary for young men to adopt the military profession; but war is not such a glorious nor romantic

occupation as it may be considered by inexperienced minds; nor is the very highest type of courage always displayed on the battlefield. Popular opinion despises cowardice on the field of war, and through fear of disgrace and general denunciation, one not truly brave may be forced to assume the appearance of a courageous soldier. Then, too, the love of popular favor or of worldly renown may be an incentive for one to perform daring deeds in military conflicts. There are other fields in which courage and valor may be displayed, and the man of greatest courage is he who is not afraid to perform his duty according to his convictions, even in the face of popular disapproval, opposition and condemnation.

Aside from military pursuits, there are avocations more alluring to the young, and yet they are such as should not be regarded as desirable. Young people are led to adopt them because of the cheap notoriety, (sometimes mistaken for fame and honor,) which they afford. I refer to sports and amusements as professions. While such occupations are all right for the sake of recreation or entertainment, they are not the most preferable callings for our young people to follow as a business. The attention given in newspapers to sports and amusements fires the youth with an ambition to compete for such honors, if honors they may be called, as are bestowed upon champion ball players, bicycle riders, horse jockeys, etc. With many an aspiring youth there seems to be a desire to acquire talents that can be displayed before the public in preference to others of more real value. To become skillful in some performance that is of itself useless, a person will sometimes spend time and energy sufficient to accomplish something that is of worth to himself and to humanity. Some men display wonderful skill in marksmanship with a gun, or in performing upon a trapeze or a tight-rope, and yet the only use to which they apply this ability is that of giving public exhibitions. With perhaps less practice and perseverance, they might have learned to run a locomotive or to even engineer the construction of a railway.

Such avocations as I have mentioned, and others of the same character, may be followed by people in the large cities of the world through force of circumstances. In such places the competition for an existence is so keen that people resort to every conceivable means of earning an honest living. But in our community, there

are opportunities for the pursuit of more elevating and useful occupations. Among us there is need for skilled men in many professions that are over-crowded in many other parts of the world.

What every young man should learn is the fact that any honest, useful occupation is honorable, and that distinction and renown may be gained in the peaceful and quiet pursuits of life. Scores of scientists might be mentioned who have become famous through the discoveries they have made, and the world has been greatly benefited by the knowledge they have brought to light by their earnest, untiring labors. The same might be said of inventors, who, quietly and in seclusion, have pursued their studies and experiments in order to bring about improved methods of carrying on the affairs of daily life.

But the pursuit of fame for the pleasure and satisfaction it is supposed to bring should never be the ambition of any young man. While everyone should seek to become proficient in his calling, and be an honor to his profession, he should be actuated by a sense of duty—a desire to faithfully perform the labors he has undertaken—and not by a love for notoriety or preferment. There is very little satisfaction, it would seem, in world fame, even of the very greatest, if we accept the testimony of those who have had it conferred upon them. The late Prince Bismarck, one of the most distinguished men of modern times, is said to have uttered these words during his last illness: "Nobody loves me for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy—not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy! But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. *
* * I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble."

In selecting life models, a young man should look for those individuals who have done the greatest good in the world, and whose lives have been exemplary, and then seek to emulate their admirable qualities, no matter whether or not his course will bring him fame or the praise of men. What is of far more value than popular praise is the satisfaction of having done something that has proved or will prove a benefit to mankind.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING, MORMON," ETC.

PART FIRST.

III.

SHOOLING AND CONFIRMATION.

There is a something, a wonderful, self-existing, powerful something, within the human soul, which training can not eradicate nor environment completely crush out; it is the spark of eternal fire which the human brings with him from the regions of celestial space as an heritage from God the Father, a fire which serves as a light by which he can read God's revelations to him throughout his mortal career. Pity the human race without it! This mystery of godliness is as the glint of a golden thread through life's fabric: to the child it is given in the love that it has for its rag doll; to the boy, in the joy which he has in the possession of a bag of marbles; to the youth, in the sweet hopes of love returned in kind; to the man, in the faith of life eternal.

It was this occasional revelation of Godlight to Harald Einesen which supported him, as it does all of us. In the very nature of things, the thinly clad, poorly fed boy was very much absorbed in the tasks of keeping his body warm and satisfying his hunger, but for all that, at times his boy-spirits leaped beyond the restraining walls, and roamed freely out into the wonderful and enticing realms of the big world's life. Seemingly trifling things touched the magic fire, and opened the heavens to him: The call of a bird on a summer's morning; the murmur of the creek; the roar of the waterfall; the sighing of the wind in the tree tops; the sight of a

pretty flower; the reddening of the sky; the soft shadows of a departing day—such were the magic keys that let him out into the everlasting dominion of time and space, and gave into his possession all that God hath created wherewith to build for himself castles of wondrous beauty and grandeur.

The summer advanced as only a summer in Norway can. The sun was in the sky for twenty hours or more at a time, and this rapidly warmed the earth, and made vegetation spring upward as if by magic. Harald enjoyed the summer. He was out of doors most of the time with the sheep; and he reveled in the wild nature around him. Best of all, the season was favorable to the growing crops. The vegetables in the little garden soon became large enough to eat, and, as soon as the potatoes were the size of a bird's egg, some were dug and made into potato cake. There was yet very little flour to be obtained, but the fish had come back to the nearby coast, and there had been a good spring catch. So, with fish and potatoes, and the addition of milk which the new grass brought, the children began to get enough to eat once more.

Harald received the sum of two dollars for one summer's work, in herding sheep. This had been his salary for three past years; and how proudly he took the silver coins home, when he had been paid, and threw them into his grandmother's lap. This summer, it occurred to him that he ought to earn more money. The two dollars certainly could not go very far, though handled by the very careful grandmother. Lately they had received very little help from his father, and grandmother was getting older and not able to work so hard. Besides, his own clothing was getting shabby. He sat on a grass bank watching the sheep, thinking about these things, one afternoon. The boy's shoes were patch upon patch, and he amused himself by trying to pick out which of the small pieces of which the shoe was composed belonged to the original shoe. He would also need some new clothing for winter, and the long-looked-for day of confirmation would come next winter. He must be better dressed on that day, at least. As regards his schooling and confirmation, he was somewhat behind. The hardships of the past winter had prevented him from attending school regularly like many of his mates, and so he had failed to prepare for the last examination and confirmation,

when he should have completed his schooling. This had hurt the boy, and, as he thought of it now, he resolved to study hard and not miss next time. Meanwhile, he must 'earn some more money.

Just at that moment a trout in the pool, into which he was looking, came to the surface, whisked its tail out of the water, as if to say, "catch me." Harald seemed to hear it, and said, "I will." Fresh trout brought a good price down at Vangen; why not catch some to sell? But he had no hook nor line, so he took off his shoes and stockings and waded into the shallow creek. He could see half a dozen speckled beauties darting through the water, and he meant to have some of them. First he enclosed the pool with large stones, in a way that would allow the water to escape, but not the fish. Then he sub-divided the pond into smaller divisions, and continued thus until the fish were so closely penned that they could be caught with the hands. With running after the sheep and this work, it took him all the afternoon, but he was rewarded with the possession of four fair-sized trout.

The boy was all aglow with his success. He had his fish nicely strung on a willow, and was speculating on how he could get them to a market; when, who should come down the path leading across the brook but Herr Juel, the schoolmaster. He stopped and looked at the boy and his fish, and then saw, by the numerous dams in the water, how he had caught them.

The schoolmaster and Harald were good friends. The boy admired the man of great learning, and he had a fixed opinion that the schoolmaster could repeat every word in the catechism by heart. The schoolmaster, also, had much respect for Harald, "the best boy in school," when he attended.

"You caught them, I see, Harald," said Herr Juel, and he emphatically trilled his r as every loyal Norwegian should. "They will make a fine dinner for you."

"I'm going to sell them, sir."

"To whom, Harald?"

"To anybody who will buy. You see," said he as if it had suddenly occurred to him, "you see, I must be making money if I am to get ready for school, and I mean to be confirmed next winter sure."

"That's a good resolution, my boy—but how much do you ask for your fish?"

He named a price which, as it was to the schoolmaster, was a very low one. Herr Juel paid the boy double the amount and took the fish. He was about to go on his way when Harold asked:

"When does school begin again?"

"Within two weeks," was the reply.

"I fear that it will be as bad as ever," said the boy, "because I can't start then, and I shall be so far behind again—and you know, the school stays such a short time at our house."

"Nuh," spoke the master, "you're an ambitious boy, and we'll see what can be done. Perhaps we can arrange to have you go with me to the different localities. I'll not forget you, Harald."

This thought had not occurred to the boy. If only he might. The school stayed but two days last winter at the house where he attended, and then moved on to the next, and it was a whole week before it came back; but if he could go with the schoolmaster, along with the school, he could surely catch up. The boy was in a small fever of excitement to get home to consult his grandmother about the plan.

Shortly thereafter, he had another talk with the schoolmaster. In fact, Herr Juel came to the house, and the three talked it all over; it was finally arranged that Harald should have all the chances possible for the coming year.

He was very much elated. But the money question continued to worry him. He even thought of going down to Vangen and applying to Merchant Bernhard for a raise in wages; but this he did not do, for the chief reason that Thora might see him in his ragged coat and patched shoes—and, somehow, his feelings in this matter had undergone a change in the past few months. However, all that summer he kept his eyes open for every opportunity to earn money, and, before fall, had deposited with his banker—his grandmother—quite a pile of copper and silver coins.

Harald's father, Einer Gundersen, did not willfully neglect his oldest son, but the fact that the boy lived with his grandmother, and they both seemed to get along as well as his wife and other children did, led the father to believe that very little of his help was needed. Harald scarcely ever came to him for assistance or

advice, so Einer was somewhat surprised, one day early in the autumn, to see Harald come to the "other house," stepping proudly in a new pair of shoes. Einer looked closely at his boy. How big and strong and rosy he had become! and there was his mother's wavy hair and gray-blue eyes; and when he smiled, which he now did, the father's heart was touched with a joy akin to that first love, long ago.

"Father, I want to go to school," began the boy quite boldly. His new shoes seemed to give him a firmer footing.

"Well, my boy, of course you'll go to school. Herr Juel told me the other day that he wished me to get my largest room ready for the school which will be here next week."

"Yes, but father, I want to go longer than the few days it will be kept here. I never will catch up if I don't, and I wish to be confirmed this winter. The schoolmaster said he would let me go around with him whenever he moves the school. Then, sometimes I would have to stay away from home nights and—and, I could do it if Halger and you would take care of the sheep and—and grandmother."

His father looked at the boy silently. Then Harald, fearful of a refusal, or perhaps a worse thing if his father lost his temper, pushed out a foot and showed his new shoe.

"I've earned and saved money enough during the summer to buy a pair of shoes," he said "and grandmother is making me clothes which my wages will pay for. So you see, I'll look about as well as any of the boys."

"You'll not only look as well, but you'll do as well, too, my boy. We'll see what can be done for you to help you out."

The weeks following, Harald worked unceasingly to get ready for his school. There were many things to do, the greatest of which was to provide wood for his grandmother's pot stove. He worked early and late at his woodpile, and as he worked, his castle of learning arose in beauty before him. Yes, he would not be satisfied with confirmation, but would go on to the high school at Vangen, and then who could tell—he might be able to go to the Seminary at Trondhjem, or even to the University at Christiania! Surely, then, he would be as wise as the schoolmaster or even Herr Ingman, the priest.

So Harald received his chance. His father was to feed the sheep, when he would be away, but Halger had also been converted to the plan, since the father, though he meant ever so well, could not be depended upon. The school came to their district with the first snowfall of the season; but he did not care for the snow or cold now. His woolen stockings and leather shoes kept his toes warm, and he could not be cold, he told his grandmother in his new suit of homespun.

It did not take Harald Einersen long to stand number one in his class, and he kept that position easily all the winter, though at one time he thought he would lose it. That was when his grandmother became sick, and, as his father was away on a bout, the boy had to stay at home for a week; but he made good use of his vacation, as the woodpile grew large again, and he studied his lessons in the evening. During that week he was also quite lucky with his traps and snares in the woods, catching a good many wild hens which always brought a good price in the market at Vangen.

His principal studies at school were arithmetic, geography, a little history—much of it told by the master, Bible history and the catechism. Most of the time was spent on the religious branches, supposedly, on the grounds that they were the hardest, and most important. Harald agreed with the first proposition, but could hardly see the wisdom of the second. The catechism consisted of questions and answers on the Christian religion as propounded by Lutheran divines. As the youth was to become acquainted with the fundamental principles of Christianity, these were given and explained under five headings: 1. The Ten Commandments. 2. Faith. 3. The Lord's Prayer. 4. Baptism. 5. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Though exceedingly dry to him, he managed to commit to memory most of the book. He could not be confirmed without this knowledge, so he went at it with a will. He liked his mathematics, and was quick at solving problems. His Bible was interesting reading as it was, but when it was chopped up into questions and answers, it lost its vitality to the boy.

As the winter advanced, Harald took his turn with the other boys and girls and went to Pastor Ingman once each week to be examined on the progress made in their religious training, as the pastor supervised this branch of the young people's education.

Some who were eighteen years old, were yet going to the pastor. These were the dullards, who could not "get religion into their heads," hence could not be confirmed—and, until they were confirmed, they were yet a sort of heathen, or children who could not be left to battle with the evil in the world.

Harald preferred going to school than to the priest's. The schoolmaster understood him, but the priest was cold and very formal in his instructions, and Harald often begrudged the two mile walk to the parsonage. However, he never failed to answer correctly the priest's questions, and he stood number one at the priest's also, as well as at the school.

That was a happy winter for Harald, and when the spring came again he felt strong and ready for any test. He got high marks in his examination and went to the priest the last time before confirmation without fear of the results. That day he was to carry away the number of his position in the class on the day of confirmation, which was to be the Sunday following. He had hoped that he would still stand at the head. He had certainly worked for it. When the names were read out, number one was not Harald Eisersen, neither number two nor three. All these belonged to some boys of well-to-do parents, and Harald's was number four. When he heard it, his face burned with indignation. He had surely done better than any of the three boys ahead of him. He looked at the priest to see if there had not been a mistake, but there was no recognition in the pastor's eye. Even the boys, when outside, were quiet, as if something not altogether right had happened. Harald got home as soon as possible; and that evening he told his grandmother what had happened.

"I can't go to confirmation next Sunday, grandmother," he said. "It will be such a disgrace. I who have been at the head all the time to now stand number four. O, grandmother, why did he do it?"

"Hush, my boy, of course you'll go next Sunday. Number four is not bad, there will be a great many lower than that. After all, what does it amount to, where you stand in the row. Remember that God looks at your true qualifications and will see you at number four as well as at number one. The ceremony is between yourself and your God, and not between you and the priest."

"But it's so hard to be disappointed."

"It may be hard for some boys, Harald, who have not done their best, but for you it should not be."

So with her soothing talk, Harald was quieted and he promised to go through the ordeal with a stout heart.

Confirmation Sunday came warm and clear, with just enough wind to blow the boats on the fjord merrily to the church. Some of the farmers drove in their carts, but Harald walked with his grandmother, who would go, though she was not strong.

The church was located three miles down the fjord towards Vangen. Some boys and girls from that small sea port were also to be confirmed that day.

As the ceremony of confirmation is a red-letter day in the lives of the young, there were many people out. The church was crowded. Two rows of seats had been arranged, one on each side of the large center aisle, and on these the boys and girls who were to be confirmed were seated. The girls sat on one side, the boys on the other, according to their grade number, number one being towards the altar. Harald mechanically took his seat in his place. His grandmother sat directly opposite him on the regular seats, and he could see many people whispering in surprise to her. The boys had on their best, which with one or two exceptions was not very fine. The girls were now at the magic point where the change from childhood to maidenhood takes place. They were therefore allowed to wear their dresses quite long, and their hair done up in coils.

Harald did not see much that was going on around him, until a girl came in, walked up the aisle and took the vacant seat at the head of the girls' row. Then he gave a little start, and his face turned a little paler. He had not known that Thora Bernhard was to be confirmed that day. But was that tall girl in a black dress Thora? Harald hardly dared to look across to make sure. Yes; the hair was combed smoothly over the white forehead, and although she seemed so tall to him, it was certainly Thora. And there he was sitting in number four instead of opposite her, at number one. He had not courage to look up. The opening services were long and painful, and when they were all told to stand, Harald saw Thora looking at him. She seemed somewhat surprised

at the tall, broad-shouldered boy, and Harald was sure that there was a look of disappointment in her face when she comprehended his position. Then the priest began to ask the usual catechisation as a public test of their religious knowledge. Harald answered his questions accurately, but as the priest went on down the line the boy's attention did not go with him. It rather strayed to the pale face at the head of the opposite row. Then the priest spoke some impressive words to the class on the importance of living a good Christian life. They would now be held responsible for their own conduct, and he hoped the religious instructions they had received would be of great aid to them in the battle against the evil in the world. Many of the boys and girls cried, but Harald did not. He gave the usual assent to the priest's questions whether he would forsake the devil and all his works, etc.

Harald was glad that it was all over. The occasion was solemn enough to many minds, but to Harald that day, it was rather more painful than impressive. Outside the church, his grandmother whispered to him "You stood it well, my boy," but Harald had a hard time to keep the lump in his throat from choking him. Then when he overheard some of the boys telling what valuable presents their parents had given the priest, he could stand the presence of people no longer, so urged his grandmother to go home with him.

The afternoon sun was getting low in the north-western heavens when the two trudged through the short-cut forest path to their home in the clearing. The trees cast long shadows; the wind moaned in the branches; the birds ceased their singing. Grandmother had to sit down and rest, once in a while, and then on any other occasion Harald would have hunted for wild flowers, but this afternoon he sat down beside the tired woman, seemingly as tired as she.

Then as they came down the hill into the main traveled road again, they heard the rattle of a cariole coming towards them up the road. Harald turned and saw that it was Merchant Bernhard and his daughter. As they came up, they stopped, and Thora, scraping the soil from the wheel with her gloved hand leaned over and said to the boy:

"I'm sure it was not fair, Harald. I think you should have been number one."

That was not all. Grandmother courtesied and murmured her thanks. Harald said nothing. Neither did the merchant. He smiled, and then drove on.

The sun was nearly behind the hills now, but the world had suddenly been flooded with a beautiful light. The wind changed from a moan to a melting melody. The birds all came out and sang their sweetest songs. The boy was tired no more, but could have walked all the way back again without resting. Even grandmother revived, and did not complain of the ache in her back. They walked on in silence. Then, the boy took his grandmother by the hand and looking into her wrinkled face said:

"Never mind, grandmother, I'll stand first yet, even though I had no goose to give to the priest."

(To be continued.)

REINFORCE YOURSELF.

The great secret of success lies in one's ability to reinforce himself. We should be constantly on the watch for ways and means of supplementing ourselves, of increasing, in every way possible, our power of usefulness and worthy achievement.

For example, every time we depart from truth, even in the slightest degree, every time we attempt to take advantage of another, to overreach by "smartness" or long-headedness, we deplete our moral strength, our power to do noble work. There is a deadly reaction on every ignoble deed; it is a boomerang which ultimately kills the thrower.

Most of us are constantly doing things which, though not actually wrong, tend to weaken, rather than to reinforce or strengthen us. Our great study should be, not to allow our energies to run to waste through negative or harmful actions, but to reinforce ourselves continually by positive activity in the right direction.

Success.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, COUNT RUMFORD.

BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSON, DIRECTOR EXPERIMENT STATION, STATE
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In our eminently practical age, men are prone to give little heed to the lives of the patient searchers after truth, whose labors lie at the foundation of the progress of the world. This is not done from lack of appreciation of earnest effort, but rather because few, beside the specialist, can follow the devious paths that usually lead him to a discovery of truth. Then, too, a new discovery does not always benefit mankind directly, but is left as a bit of knowledge that may be used by some later searcher, in the production of something that will be useful to men. The world appreciates most the finished product; the raw materials are forgotten by all, save those whose business it is to supply the demand for the product, ready for human use.

The telephone is a most useful invention, by which mankind is benefited to an almost immeasurable extent. To the inventors of the telephone, speakers and writers frequently refer in terms of highest praise, for the service that they have rendered mankind. Yet, a great number of men spent the best portions of their lives in bringing out the principles of science, the knowledge of which made the invention of the telephone possible. In fact, the invention of the telephone was very little more than the wise application of truths, already known. The men who made the application possible received little honor, and are remembered mainly by the few workers in science.

It often occurs that men arise, whose inclination leads them into the study of nature, irrespective of any benefit that the world

may derive from their studies. Such are the men who give their lives to the study of a single group of insects or of flowers, or who spend long nights and days pondering over the story of one star, or who, amidst the fumes of the laboratory, devote their lives to the preparation and study of new chemical compounds that remain to the mass of men mere scientific curiosities. These persons are often derided for their impractical natures; they are called visionaries and men with children's work; and it has happened that they have gone to their graves in poverty, and with their neighbor's contempt heaped upon them. Seldom have they received honor while alive. Yet, the work done by these men has, alone, made possible the great inventions of the last century; without the students of pure science, the wonderful, recent progress of the arts and manufactures, would never have taken place. It is true that once in a while, when the history of the development of a great discovery is discussed, the foundation-makers are mentioned and praised. But, they are soon forgotten again.

It is as well, perhaps, that individuals should be forgotten, if the lessons of their lives be remembered; and this is the lesson that the lives of the quiet men who have developed the principles of science teach, that the world should honor, cherish, and care for those whose natural gifts incline them to the study of any portion of nature, apart from any practical end. Who knows what natural laws are yet hidden from men? Who knows what tomorrow will bring? Who could foresee, when a German physicist spent a busy life investigating an abstruse and theoretical branch of electricity, that one of the first results of his labors would be the X-rays, with their wide and useful applications? The scientist himself did not suspect it, but worked away in the love of truth, hoping that good would eventually come of his efforts. All honor to the unselfish, pure-minded delvers into nature's mysteries. Let us praise them; not scorn them.

The foregoing paragraphs do not at all intend to detract from the fame of the earnest men who have applied the discoveries of others to the needs and comforts of mankind. To them may much honor be given. But, since the main purpose of this article is to draw attention to the life of a man who nearly always had in mind the useful application of a new principle, a word has been said in

remembrance of those who confined their work to the study of pure science.

Benjamin Thompson, later Count Rumford, was born March 26, 1753, in the town of Woburn, Massachusetts. His father, who belonged to a family of moderately wealthy farmers, died in Benjamin's infancy. His mother married soon after, but gave great care to the training of her son. His early boyhood gave the promise of usefulness which his later life so amply fulfilled. In his studies he excelled; so much so, that it is recorded that, at the age of fourteen, his knowledge of mathematics was sufficient to enable him to calculate a solar eclipse. When he was about fifteen years old he was apprenticed to a storekeeper, for a commercial career had been decided upon for him. During his apprenticeship he carried on all sorts of experiments in physics and chemistry, and in that way gained a valuable acquaintance with the principles of these sciences. During the early years of his apprenticeship he also studied and practiced engraving; and it is said that he became very expert in the art. These various occupations of the boy go to show the active mind of which he was possessed; and his industry is a lesson to any young man who, perhaps, wastes his time in some idle pursuit that will benefit none.

While he was yet a boy, the political troubles of the American colonies led to the first outbreaks of the Revolution. The business of the storekeeper to whom Benjamin Thompson was apprenticed, became so affected by the war that the young man was compelled to seek employment elsewhere. At eighteen, he went to Boston where he engaged himself to another storekeeper. Across the river Charles, from Boston, lies the city of Cambridge, with its famous Harvard University. Naturally enough, Benjamin Thompson was drawn irresistibly to this place, and, during his stay in Boston, he frequented the lectures on physics and other subjects given in Harvard College. It is related that, after each lecture, he would repeat in his own room, as best he could, the experiments performed by the lecturer. In this manner did his store of scientific knowledge grow. Some of his biographers affirm, that at this time he took up the study of medicine also.

The details of his life at this time are not known. At the age of nineteen he married, or as he says in his memoirs, he was

married to a Mrs. Rolfe, a widow who was fourteen years his senior. Through the influence of his wife, probably, Governor Wentworth made him major of one of the many regiments that were being organized at that time. His youth excited the jealousy of his subordinate officers, who were older men, which resulted finally in his being relieved of his commission. He then offered his services to George Washington, but in this case, also, the jealousy that had arisen against him, prevented him from obtaining a commission. It is likely that, with his keen temperament he had made enemies, and that in part he, himself, was responsible for the ill-feeling against him.

In those days feelings ran high, and many charges were made against most men. Benjamin Thompson was charged by someone with being opposed to the colonies, and as a result he was placed in considerable danger. To get him out of harm's way, his friends succeeded in having him appointed, in 1776, to fill a political mission in England. With his journey came a change that affected his whole later life.

In London, his great genius and unusual attainments immediately secured him the attention of many powerful people. Among them was Lord Germaine, at that time secretary of state, who appointed him to a clerkship in the war department. In his characteristic way, he immediately began to apply the principles of science to the problems of the department in which he worked. He studied the preparation of gunpowder, and made many improvements in its manufacture and use; he then gave his attention to firearms, and bettered them greatly; following this investigation he took up and simplified the question of signalling at sea, and, to gather the necessary information, he made one or more cruises at sea. Of such high grade were his researches in these directions that in 1779, when he was just past twenty-five years of age, he was elected a member of the Royal Society, one of the select associations of scientific men upon the earth. The English government also appreciated his services so much that, four years after his arrival in England, he was made undersecretary of state.

At this time, when Benjamin Thompson seemed destined for a life of English government service, an event occurred which changed his life materially. The administration, under which he

was serving, fell, and he fell with it; the incoming cabinet either did not want his services, or he preferred not to serve it. He was then given a cavalry command in America, and for a few months was supposed to oppose his countrymen. However, the war was over, and the active life which his nature demanded, was not to be found in America. He, therefore, returned to Europe, and immediately set out for Austria where he had heard that war was being waged. Through the mediation of friends, he met, on this journey, Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, and was invited to enter the civil and military service of that kingdom. This offer was accepted, and King George III of England, in giving his consent, conferred the honor of knighthood upon the brilliant American.

The government of Bavaria was at that time in a precarious condition. Discontent within and jealousy without had so endangered the stability of the government that it seemed near destruction. The problem before the elector was to make his people love him, and as a result support him in his position. To the accomplishment of this task did Benjamin Thompson set all his endeavors. As a wise man would do, he first inquired into the causes of discontent in the Bavarian kingdom. He found that the soldiers of the state were dissatisfied, because they lacked many of the ordinary comforts of life, and felt that their obligatory service rendered them nothing in return. After reflecting upon the matter, he came to a conclusion which he later states as follows: "Order and disorder, peace and war, health and sickness, can not exist together; but comfort and contentment, the inseparable companions of virtue, can only arise from order, peace and health." In accordance with this principle, he immediately began to improve the conditions of the military forces. Their dwelling places were made more pleasant; they were furnished good and warm clothes; their routine duties were lightened, and each soldier was given a piece of garden ground, three hundred and sixty-five square feet in area, which he was required to care for. In this manner the duties of the soldiers while in garrison were lightened and made more varied; and in a short time the spirit of the army became one of loyalty and interest in the welfare of the country.

The unfortunate conditions in Bavaria had led to great poverty among the people, and vast numbers of beggars were found

in every town. Thefts, murders and crimes of every kind resulted from the existence of these masses of idle men and women, tramping through the country from place to place. Sir Benjamin Thompson instructed the military force to arrest all such persons, to take them to houses already prepared, where they were kept comfortable and set to work in various ways. For the work that they did, they were paid according to the quantity and quality of the product. In one day, it is said, 2600 beggars were arrested and set to work. This, in a short time, reduced the vagrant nuisance so much that it was no longer a public menace.

The existence of beggars implied poverty among the people, and the eradication of the cause of this poverty was Thompson's next aim. Upon investigation he found that most persons in the country who were willing to work could earn something towards their subsistence, but that, in many cases, it was insufficient for all their needs. The question was, then, how to make the small incomes of the poorer classes go farther than before. The main expense of the people was for heat and food; and the economy of heating and eating became Sir Benjamin's study. Besides, the feeding of the numerous beggars imprisoned by his orders involved a considerable expense to the state, and thus he had another purpose in studying the most economical ways in which a man can be well fed.

It was found at the outset that there was a great waste of fuel throughout the whole country. The open fireplaces and crude stoves then in use were found to consume many times as much fuel as was necessary to warm the rooms. The same criticism may be offered on many modern fireplaces—too much of the heat goes out of the chimney. The kitchen fireplaces were found equally wasteful, and what was worse, not suited for purposes of cooking food in the best manner. New warming and cooking stoves were then devised, which would conserve the heat obtained from the fuel—in fact, the modern rational stove owes much of its existence to the labors of this American-English-Bavarian genius. One of his ovens for the proper cooking of food is worthy of especial mention. It was simply an iron box surrounded by a brick casing, with an air space between. In this box, the food was placed, the door tightly closed, and the box then heated from

below by any convenient source of heat, the heated air from which completely surrounded the box. In this manner nearly all the heat that entered the box was retained there, and the food was cooked slowly at a gentle heat. The immense economy of fuel by such rational methods may be understood by quoting one of Thompson's results. At a time when a cord of soft wood cost about \$1.75, the fuel necessary to prepare dinner for one thousand persons cost about ten cents. Not only did improved fireplaces and ovens lead to an economy of fuel, but the quality of food cooked in the Rumford Roaster, was so much higher as regards flavor and digestibility, that this fact alone made it an invention of first importance to mankind.

In recent years, Mr. Edward Atkinson of Boston has invented an oven based on the same principle, but heated by a lamp, which oven, were we all as progressive as we should be, would be found in many homes in America.

These studies of the economy of fuel, and the betterment of kitchen furnaces, necessarily led Sir Thompson into deeper studies concerning the relative values of different foods, and of the influence that cooking has upon these values. One of his important observations was that good food, by improper cooking may be made quite unfit for human use; and that on the other hand, such portions of meats and vegetables as we commonly look upon as very indigestible, may be made fit for the most delicate stomachs by the proper application of gentle heat in the process of cooking. He applied many of his discoveries to the feeding of the small army of beggars that he had collected. To feed them, he made what is known as the Rumford soups, which, for the daily diet of 1200 persons, consisted of 141 lbs. 2oz. pearl barley; 131 lbs, 4 oz. peas; 69 lbs. 10 oz. wheaten bread; 19 lbs., 13 oz. salt; 46 lbs., 13 oz., sour beer or vinegar, and 1,077 lbs. of water. This mixture was cooked over a slow fire for several hours, and formed a most nutritious and satisfying diet. Including the fuel, labor of cooking and caring for the kitchen, and repairs of the utensils, the total daily cost, at the prices then prevailing in Bavaria, was something less than \$8.00, or a trifle more than 6½ cents per day for each person fed. Under American conditions, the cost would be somewhat higher, since labor is more expensive here than it is

in Europe, but the total difference would be small. Even today in many of the large cities of Europe are found the Rumford kitchens, in which a good portion of Rumford soup is handed out for a few cents, and in American cities, of late, have similar kitchens been established. It is interesting to observe that this famous soup, on which working men have subsisted for long periods, contains, solely, products of the vegetable kingdom—in fact, Benjamin Thompson proved that by proper cooking vegetables may be made quite as nutritious as are meats. It is impossible to discuss here the great service that Count Rumford as he was called after being created a count by the holy Roman empire rendered the world by his studies of methods of cooking; it must be sufficient to say that many thinking men consider him one of the great benefactors of mankind.

During his researches, he introduced to the people of Europe the potato and Indian corn as excellent foods. He invented many of the ordinary appliances used in the kitchen, as for instance, the common, closed cook stove, and the double boiler, now so commonly used to prevent burning of food during a slow cooking. He gave much attention to house decoration, to clothing, and furnished the ladies with scientific reasons why some colors in dress harmonize and others do not. Agriculture was not forgotten, for he took a large tract of worn out land, and by judicious methods of tillage made it fertile again; he also improved the livestock of Bavaria by infusing into it the blood of improved breeds of cattle. By this work the general conditions of the country were greatly improved, and he was held as one of the great benefactors of the land.

It must not be thought that Rumford's work was wholly confined to studies that would have immediate practical application. He was one of the first to show that mechanical energy can produce heat energy. His experiment on this matter consisted in boring a cannon, and causing water to boil by the heat generated by the work. This principle, in recent days, has become a corner stone of physical science. He experimented largely with heat and devised excellent instruments for measuring the amount of heat given out or taken up in different operations. He invented, also, while studying light, a well-known instrument for determining the intensity of light from any given source. His active mind reached

into many fields and wherever he worked, he reaped a rich harvest.

After he had served Bavaria for eleven years, the turmoil incident to the French Revolution, made his remaining in Munich undesirable, and he left for England, where he founded the now famous Royal Institution, at which popular lectures on scientific subjects are still given. After a brief stay in England he finally settled near Paris, France, where he married the widow of the great Father of Modern Chemistry, Lavoisier. Here, for some years he continued his researches, and prepared his discoveries for proper publication. One of the acts of his later life was to found at Harvard College, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, a professorship for the discussion of the application of science to the useful arts, a chair which still exists under the name of the Rumford professorship. He also made a liberal donation to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the income of which, for nearly a hundred years, has been used to aid those whose lives are given to advancing science.

After a most honorable and useful life he died, in his sixty-first year, in 1814.

It may not be necessary, I trust, to dwell at length upon one of the great lessons that may be drawn from the life of Count Rumford; that the greatest mind may not be above devoting its best efforts to the study of the "common things" of "common life;" and that the uplifting of the human race is after all the aim of the truth-seeker.

Many a young man of our days feels that to be truly great he must deal only with the far-away facts and objects of the world. Let such a one keep in strict remembrance the gifted investigator, Count Rumford, who was content to spend the better portion of a score of years in a kitchen, studying with the greatest care the best and most economical methods of boiling, frying, roasting and baking; and who by his work made our every meal more enjoyable, and our lives happier.

Count Rumford's purpose in life may best be stated in his own words, "It has ever been my most ardent wish to be of some use to mankind, to be able to flatter myself, when I am going out of the world, that I have lived to some useful purpose." Well was his ambition realized.

Thus, then, is the life history of an American, whose works are among the noblest institutions of continental Europe, of England and of America.

A DREAM.

BY SARAH E. PEARSON.

In the still fragrance of the balmy night,
The angel of thy presence came to me,
And whispered pregnant messages of thee,
In language pure as prayer, and soft, and light
As whirr of angel wings, in rapid flight;
As rhythmic cadences of dripping rain
Upon my cottage roof in musical refrain;
Intangible as scent of new-mown hay,
Or cool, swift rush of balsam-laden air,
At break of day.

Wondering, I gazed into his mystic eyes,
And tried to understand: So glad to be
Recipient of thy treasured sympathy.
To feel thy soul respond to my soul's cries,
Accordant love within thy bosom rise.
I dreamed I listened, as, in musing trance
Perception keen and quickened by his solemn glance,
He stooped and kissed my eyelids down.—They close
In dewy, dreamless slumber; deep, sweet,
Childlike repose.

And when I wake, his message all forgot,
A subtle spirit-essence in the air,
Floating like incense, greets me everywhere,
As though thy living presence in each spot
Whispered, "Forget me not, for thou art not forgotten."

In the press
Of myriad daily cares, heart-hunger, stress
Of chilling silence, loneliness, I feel
Once more I *am* remembered, and my heart
Sings happily, though silently, the dear
God's praises as I kneel.

IN THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY LUCY T. TAYLOR.

I.

The cold, stormy days of December had swiftly vanished, leaving alike their portions of joy for the young and gay, and sorrow for the poor and aged. Joy for those whose lives were yet free from cares and vexations; sorrow for those on whom time had laid its heavy hand.

A few hours more and the Old Year would be with those which had gone before. The usually crowded streets were almost deserted; a few figures were seen here and there wending their way with difficulty toward the different churches. Sometimes a cutter would go whizzing by, flinging the fleecy snow aside, as it sped on. The splendid lights in show windows cast sparkling reflections far out into the street, but the passers-by gave little heed to them, as they hurried through the cold.

"Yes, as you say, Mr. Parker, it is doubtless a benefit to the soul to attend these meetings; but, as you know, I don't believe much in religion, and when a fellow has so much business to see to, he hasn't time to go to church just to herald the dawn of the New Year; besides that, it brings reflections, which sometimes makes a fellow feel uncomfortable—you see."

"That is the idea! Sepple, old fellow,"—but the two men halted, interrupted by a lady. The sequel will prove that she was true and noble at heart, but she bore little semblance to a "lady" in these times of fashion and folly, for her clothes were old and shabby, she was weary and feeble, her face was thin and pinched with the cold.

"Please, sirs," said she, "will you give a poor, homeless, friendless woman a dollar to buy food and shelter on this bitter, cold night?"

Mr. Sepple was about to brush past her, muttering something about vagrancy, but Mr. Parker stopped, and, drawing forth his purse, gave her fifteen cents, saying, "That is all I have, lady." She received it with thanks, and looked expectantly to the other who coldly remarked that he had "no change," and passed on, but afterward turned, handing her a quarter.

The old lady clutched the coins tightly in her hand, but seemed not to notice them now, nor her intense need of food and shelter. She muttered to herself, "Yes, it was he! I am sure it was! But he did not know me. No! no! Oh if he had known—would he, could he have done so? Yes, he is rich, I presume, while I am only a poor woman, destitute of food, suffering from cold and without friends!" and she heaved a heavy sigh as she trudged along through the snow.

"Oh! that we had not been delayed so long, then I would have had enough money to bring me to him all right. Then, perhaps, I could have performed my errand of love," and the sentence died in another sigh which the cold blast caught up; and, moaning and howling, it slashed the frozen snow into her freezing face, whipping and snatching at the thin shawl which enwrapped her benumbed form.

II.

The chime of church bells heralded the glad news that another year was born. Again people wended their way through the cheerless streets by the light of the waning moon; away to their homes to seek sweet repose, or to reflect upon the past, and to make new plans and resolutions for the future, with their disappointments and sorrows, and some, perhaps, stained with unkind words and deeds of sin and shame.

Many were the reflections which passed through the mind of Alfred Sepple, as he and two friends walked homeward together. He had a good heart when he allowed it to have its way; but, when associated with others than a small circle of friends, he seemed stern and cold. Now that he had become "sole owner" of a large flouring mill, he gave little thought to any thing other than business affairs, and the enjoyment of his home, and his family, of whom he was passionately fond.

Tonight it seemed that a deep sense of life and duty rested upon him. His mind ran back twenty years; yes, more. It took him back perhaps to the first New Year's eve that he could remember. He was then only seven years old, but he remembered very distinctly the sweet face of his dear, patient mother, as she smiled and tried to bid him a last farewell, but the angel of death had sealed those white lips before the word was spoken. Then the drear memories of the burial on the beginning of the

New Year which seemed so bright to all his playmates but so sad to his boyish heart.

Perhaps this was why he had never enjoyed the New Year; perhaps it was why, after many years, when his father married a woman, not so young and beautiful as his own fair mother, he would stand and gaze at the portrait of the one who seemed all in all to him, then looking at the wrinkled face of "Aunt Lib" as he called her, would say to himself, "I hate her."

Many years had passed, yet on this particular night, he could not keep back all these memories. He also recalled his father's dying words. They were these—"Alfred, my dear son, be kind to your Aunt Lib, for my sake, for the duty you owe her, and for the love she bears for you, for she does love you. Try to be obedient to the laws of God; seek him in earnest and he will reward you."

Had he done this? Certainly he had not. Now he felt a strange apprehension as of some impending evil. Perhaps it was only conscience rewarding him for his dereliction, for there came back, with almost a feeling of fear, the memories of his rebellion against every requirement made of him by his aunt. The thought of how he had repulsed her love, now made him almost repulsive to himself, and he wondered how she stood it as well as she did.

Then the thought that maybe she had rejoiced instead of grieved when he ran away and left her, was almost consoling him; whereupon the recollection of his father's imploring words, "Try to be obedient to the laws of God, seek him in earnest, and he will reward you," flashed across him with such force that he reeled an instant, and one of his friends asked if he were sick,—“or freezing?” joined in the other.

"Neither," he exclaimed, regaining his footing in the deep snow; but a grand resolution had found its way into his heart which after-events rooted so deeply that it has never yielded to any temptation.

The wind was blowing fiercely, piling the snow in drifts, flinging frozen jets into their faces, but the three men soon turned the corner of a large mercantile block, and were a little out of the way of the storm. "A little warmer here, how do you feel now, Mr. Sepple?" Mr. Parker asked. "Oh I'm all right," replied the other. Dr. Osmond was making some remark about the terrible storm when suddenly Parker cried out, "Hello! What's this?" and almost instantly the doctor shouted, "Some one frozen in the snow!"

Shortly afterwards, a policeman was called, an ambulance brought, for sure enough it was the body of a woman lying cold and motionless in the snow. By this time, a small crowd had gathered; the undertaker

had arrived, and was directing movements to have the remains taken to his establishment, when suddenly a bystander screamed, "She's alive! She's alive!" All quickly gathered around, but the police ordered them back.

Not until now did Alfred Sepple recognize the shabby clothes and wrinkled face of the old lady whom he and Mr. Parker had passed on their way to the church, nor did he even now remember how he had neglected the needs of the poor creature.

As there was a decided evidence of life, it was deemed best to take her to the Christian Hospital to be cared for. On being invited by Dr. Osmond to accompany him there, Mr. Sepple accepted with some reluctance.

III.

Into a neat ward in the old hospital, the unknown woman was taken. Willing hands were now busy removing her frozen garments, and chafing her face and hands, while the physician in charge was exercising all his abilities in administering restoratives. For a time it seemed as if all was vain; but finally she opened her eyes and gazed about in a dim unconscious manner for several minutes. Once she tried to raise her stiffened hand, and a severe shiver passed over her entire body. Her breath came short and harsh, and she gasped once or twice; for an instant, her hands relaxed, but soon tightened in death, and all was over.

The body of the "unknown" lay wrapped in death; but the spirit had found rest "in the hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began."

It was a most pitiable sight to see her lying cold and still, her old clothes bespeaking poverty and want. Though old and worn, they were clean and neat, and told of the purity, economy and accomplishments, of the one to whom they had belonged. It was evident that she was a woman of high culture, and not a vagrant, as was at first supposed.

"Who is she?" inquired Dr. Grant. "I don't know," returned Dr. Osmond, "but here is the letter you took from her hand when we brought her here; perhaps it will throw some light upon her identity. Dr. Grant took the letter which was written with lead pencil. Being wet and soiled, it was with some difficulty he read aloud:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec., 31, 18—.

ELDER EPHRAIM WARDELL,
ALEXANDRIA, MINN.

DEAR BROTHER:—Since I saw you last, I have heard that my dear boy Al, is living in this city. I will not go with your company to Utah. I could not go and leave my boy without seeing him first, and telling him that I forgive him for leaving me so lonely. Oh, nobody but a childless widow can know how I have loved that boy.

wanted to tell him about the Gospel, for he is a man now, and can understand me better.

I was delayed at St. Cloud on account of misunderstandings about my ticket, and in changing cars, and have no money now, but maybe he will help me, if I can only find him. I am in the waiting-room of the depot.

I'll come to Utah some time, but must tell my boy all about it first; but now let me say, though this were my last breath, I know the Gospel as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith is true; I know God lives, and is just! That he will reward those who seek him in earnestness; that his kingdom will flourish, and that the Latter-day Saints will be victorious.

Please don't be disappointed, and believe me

Your sister in the Gospel of Christ,

ELIZABETH SEPPLE.

The name startled Mr. Sepple. "H'm," said Dr. Grant, "Latter-day Saints be victorious. A 'Mormon,' I presume! Wonder who wants to bury a 'Mormon!' Going to Utah to get a husband, I guess! Oh such outrage upon society! Too bad she didn't go!"

All this time, a confusion of thought had been surging through Mr. Sepple's mind. Regret for the past, sorrow for the present, and resolutions for the future. For an instant, he faltered. "If she had not said 'Utah' and 'Saints,' then," thought he, "I could decide at once."

"Elizabeth Sepple," continued Dr. Grant, "I wonder who the 'dear boy' is of whom she thinks so much. Some grand person, I should say, who has a 'Mormon' mother! I dare say, he wouldn't own her."

"I dare say he will," exclaimed Mr. Sepple, with a determination which showed that he had conquered self, and which stopped the flow of indignant words from Dr. Grant.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "that is my stepmother, and 'Mormon' or not, she was a good woman, and would have been a good mother to me if I had permitted her. I was not worthy of a mother. This very night, though I did not know her then, I turned her away with only a quarter, when I should have taken her to my home and provided food for her and shelter from this terrible storm. Oh could she forgive me now if she knew? With God's help, I will make restitution for my continued wrongs." He broke down, and the tears of regret coursed over his manly cheeks.

The funeral services were beautiful and touching.

With ample explanations accompanying it, "Aunt Lib's" letter was sent to Elder Wardell.

Dr. Osmond, being an intimate friend of Mr. Sepple, quietly watched events.

Mr. Sepple is now an honored member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the ward in which he lives, in Provo City, Utah, and he is still a dear friend to the doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Sepple have done the work in the holy temple for both their parents, Aunt Lib, and many other dear relatives who have gone to the "great beyond," without having the privilege of performing these blessed labors themselves.

They have sought the Lord in earnestness, and hope to live so that they may continue to receive his rich rewards. They have come to fully realize how wonderful are his ways: how true it is that from the sacrifice of one may come rich rewards to many; and that God often leads through distress that his light and love and blessing may be granted to his children.

ADVICE ON MARRYING.

Never marry a poor girl who's been raised like a rich one. She's simply traded the virtues of the poor for the vices of the rich without going long on their good points. There's no real objection to marrying a woman with a fortune, but there is to marrying a fortune with a woman. Money makes the mare go, and it makes her cut up, too, unless she's used to it and you drive her with a snaffle-bit.

While you are at it, there's nothing like picking out a good-looking wife, because even the handsomest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual. Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man. (I want to say right here, that to get any sense out of a proverb I usually find that I have to turn it wrong side out.) Then, too, if a fellow's bound to marry a fool, and a lot of men have to if they're going to hitch up into a well-matched team, there's nothing like picking a good looking one.—*John Graham, the Packer, to his son Pierrepont.*

TESTIMONY AND INSTRUCTIONS.

BY EZRA T. CLARK.

[The late Ezra T. Clark, whose testimony to his family and to the world is herewith presented, was a man of splendid character. He was one among those strong personalities in the ranks of the pioneers of Utah who seemed to be especially endowed with strength and faith to found commonwealths and redeem deserts. Faithful to his convictions, true to his religion, honest and upright, progressive and intelligent, his words possess great significance and weight. Elder Clark was born in Lawrence, Illinois, November 24, 1823, and died in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, October 17, 1901. With his wife and two children, he came to Utah in 1848, locating the year following in Farmington where he resided the remainder of his days. His possessions were hauled in an ox wagon over the plains, but, through industry and thrift and his natural abilities as a financier, he accumulated a competency, besides providing for his large family. He filled a mission to England in 1856, returning two years later when all the missionaries were called home owing to the Johnston army trouble. Later, he filled several missions in the United States. He was greatly interested in education, and among the last acts of his life was the donation of one thousand dollars to the Latter-day Saints' University, Salt Lake City, for the founding of "The Clark Library of Natural Science." As he felt that his days were about to end, he called his family about him, and on July 24, 1901, organized the Clark family association, when the testimony and instructions which follow were given. The ERA is indebted to Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff for calling attention to the merits of the document, and Elder Amasa L. Clark for permission to use it. We believe every Latter-day Saint will be entertained, interested, and instructed in its perusal.—EDITORS.]

To my Wives and Children:

Feeling that I shall not enjoy the privilege of addressing you

in a united capacity many more times during my earthly sojourn, I am impelled by a husband's and a father's love to offer you my final and parting instructions. I bear you this my testimony:

I. Before I left Nauvoo, I heard the Prophet Joseph say he would give the Saints a key whereby they would never be led away or deceived, and that was: the Lord would never suffer the majority of this people to be led away or deceived by imposters, nor would he allow the records of this Church to fall into the hands of the enemy. I heard Joseph say this, and I also heard him say that he would roll the burden of the Apostleship upon the quorum of the Twelve. I heard Joseph preach many times; heard him, in the last sermon he ever delivered, bear testimony to the truth of the work that God had called him to; also that the Lord had never suffered him to be slain by his enemies, because his work had not been done, until a short time ago. He had now laid the foundation of this work, and rolled the burden of the priesthood upon the Twelve; and, having given them their washings and anointings, they would now bear off this work triumphantly, and it would roll on faster than ever before; and, if the Lord was willing to accept of him, he was willing to go.

This he spoke to the people. I was one who heard his voice, and know that he spoke like an angel from heaven. I never heard him speak with more power than then, and I heard him many times. I was satisfied. I knew him to be a prophet of God. I had heard him prophesy many times, and had seen his prophecies fulfilled, and had also shaken hands with him, and he had blessed me, and I had felt the influence and power of the Lord upon him and upon me, and I have never forgotten that blessing from that day to this, and I never shall. Two days later the Prophet was martyred, and two or three weeks later, when the saints held a conference, and Brigham Young arose as leader of the Church, I want to bear record that he spoke as Joseph used to speak; to all appearances, the same voice, the same gestures, the same stature. I bear this record to all the world, to my children and to my children's children, and also bear record that this work is God's work, and that it will roll on as it has done from that day to this.

I have never turned my face away, and have always had delight in keeping the counsel of His servants in every particular.

I have had many privations, and many trying scenes traveling on the plains and on the desert, and I know that those men who have stood at the head of His Church are men of God, and also the men who now stand at the head, and they will bear off this work triumphantly, and I say to my children and to my grandchildren, if they will do right and keep the commandments of God, no good thing shall be withheld from them, and they shall have a testimony that God set up this work, and it will roll forth, and those who help it will stand, and those who fight against it will fall and crumble with the wicked.

I bear this testimony, and leave it for the benefit of my children and my children's children, for I realize I have but a short time to live upon this earth. I have passed my seventy-seventh year, and it has been a pleasure to me to be associated during that time with the Prophet and apostles and those whom I know were men holding the holy Melchizedek Priesthood. I bear this testimony, and wish it written that my children and my children's children may know that I have finished my work, and bear this testimony before them, and all the world, in the name of the Lord Jesus, even so. Amen.

II. In order that the unity which has prevailed in my family, and the spirit of brotherly and sisterly love may endure, I desire that a family organization may be effected and made perpetual; that a meeting of my family and as many of my descendants as can possibly do so, be held here once a year for the purpose of maintaining the interest of the family and for keeping a family register and for mutual aid and encouragement.

In order that my wishes may be more fully understood, and the responsibility of carrying them out placed upon my family in such a manner as to leave no doubt or misapprehension in the minds of my wives or children and their families, I desire that the following organization shall be effected.

First—I desire that the following shall constitute an executive committee, Joseph S. Clark, Edward B. Clark and Amasa L. Clark, whose duty it shall be to act as arbitrators in all differences or disputes that may arise among members of my family; that the said committee by its chairman shall fix the dates for annual re-

unions and such other meetings as he may think proper and desirable.

Second—I appoint as chairman, my son Joseph S. Clark, and I place in his hands the sum of \$ ——— to be used as a genealogical fund and for such other purposes as the executive committee shall, in their judgment, deem necessary in making effectual these my final instructions to my family.

Third—I appoint hereby, Susy D. Clark as family secretary and registrar, and Horace W. Clark as assistant, whose duty it shall be to keep in order the family record and collect all items of family biographies, and such history as shall be thought desirable for such records.

Fourth—In case of the death or incapacity of any one of the executive committee to act, the other two may appoint a successor, and the executive committee is hereby authorized, in case of death or incapacity to act, to appoint a successor.

Fifth—I desire that when the family meet in their annual reunion that the executive committee shall hold special meetings for the purpose of hearing questions that may arise, and giving assistance by way of counsel and advice to members of the family who may be laboring under difficulties, or may be in any way at variance with any member of this organization.

Sixth—I desire that the membership of this organization shall consist of my wives, my sons and daughters, their wives and husbands and their descendants.

I am impressed in this the evening of life, to admonish my family of the importance of devoting some measure of their time to temple work, and it is my wish that a genealogical record be prepared, to include as many of my ancestors as it is possible to get information about; and when this record shall have been compiled, it is my most earnest wish that I may have, as often as possible, a representative in one of the temples of my Heavenly Father, to perform work for the dead.

If I could behold the spirit of union and mutual love and support in the conduct of my family as I now look upon their future lives, I should feel that great satisfaction and pleasure that I have always enjoyed in the happiness that comes from family union; I desire to urge the mothers to teach their children to attend their

primaries, Sunday schools and meetings, and to observe the law of obedience, and of baptism at the age of eight years; that they may also teach the Word of Wisdom, to pay their tithes and offerings, and to honor the Priesthood; and I promise the mothers that if they will do this, in the sincerity of their hearts, they will bring forth noble sons and daughters to bear off this work, and it will be a great honor to them and the family at large, and they will live long upon the earth to inherit it, and no power of evil shall prevail against them; and I seal these blessings upon them by power of the holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

I admonish those who are strong to be thoughtful of and helpful to those who are weaker; and I trust that it will never occur to any member of my family that any one of them shall ever be justified in taking any undue advantage of another. I warn my family against any spirit of dissension, and commend to them the spirit of fairness, justice and impartiality towards one another. I plead for the weak, because the strong will take care of themselves; and those who cherish the memory of their father, and honor the name he has given them in life, will feel the responsibility that they are under, and all the members of this organization should protect one another's good name, and avoid any unseemly gossip; be charitable, helpful, patient, kind and loving towards one another, and God will sustain you and your families as you have sustained me and mine.

While it has been my privilege, because of the natural endowments with which God has clothed me, to accumulate something of this world's goods, I would not have my family suppose that I esteem money as I esteem honor, virtue, and, above all things, fidelity to the Church of Christ; and I trust that no one of my family will ever seek and appreciate the treasures of this world above the treasures that come from an honorable and God-fearing life devoted to religious duties, and the obligations which men owe to one another and to their God.

I have accumulated since my earliest settlement in Farmington, as much property as I reasonably could along the street on which a number of my family are now living, and I desire, so far as my family can, consistent with their best interests, that they maintain their real estate, that they may be helpful to one another;

and that the homes of my family here may always be a gathering place for those who may be scattered in different parts of this and adjoining states, and I especially commend the spirit of hospitality to my children.

These parting instructions have been the burden of my thought during the closing days of my career among you, and it is my wish that at every family gathering these my parting words be read before the assemblage of this family organization.

GOD CARES FOR ME.

The thought, "God cares for me," has armed man against a thousand emergencies, and been a panoply against ten thousand ills. The heroes who have stained the battlefields with blood, and won our victories for liberty and religion, have survived all disasters through the thought that God's plan is a golden chain that binds each life to his unchanging throne. Beside each fountain of bitterness, also, that thought has planted some healing tree. In life's darkest hour, it has unveiled some star of hope. It is the thought, also, that God lives and loves and plans that lends consecration to the brave and chivalrous hopes of youth, that lends untiring strength to those who bear life's heavy burdens, and that sustains men grown old in the battle, in hours when the light of hope burns low within the heart. In the faith that God reigns, and shall reign, forevermore, the leaders have gone dry shod across all seas, turned stones to angel's bread, caused the rock to gush in cooling streams, found mountains smoking with God's presence, made every hill of difficulty to be bright with the lightning of God's command and promise. He who believes that God cares for men has found the secret of perpetual happiness, sees the best glimmering through the worst, feels the sun's warm beams throbbing through the thickest clouds. No man can remain permanently miserable who believes with all his heart that the Almighty is his defense, and that a divine guide daily pours light upon a human pathway.—*Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS.

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

It is Christmas eve, in the great city of Paris. From early in the afternoon, the flakes of snow have been falling steadily, until now the roofs of the houses are well covered; it is thick on the pavements, too, and sticks in balls to one's heels. Then, falling off, more is added, causing annoyance and discomfort.

Outside of the city, the trees are fantastically dressed, in the fleecy garb of winter.

Far away, the vine-clad hills of France appear like huge cities, the clouds and hills meeting, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish where one begins or the other ends. Though the storm still continues, pedestrians plod up and down the wide thoroughfares, scarcely realizing the uncomfortable situation, their minds fully occupied, in the purchase of presents which shall make the hearts of loved ones happy on the morrow. Quickened heart-beats keep out the cold, and shorten the distance that has to be traveled. Seven o'clock chimes from Notre Dame, then from Mary Magdalene, then from St. Sulpice. As the chimes die away, a woman poorly protected from the inclement weather, slowly ascends the steps of the last named house of worship, and enters the dimly-lighted aisle. Snow is on her hair, which is also silvered with the snows of time; and her thin black dress is bedraggled with it. On her shoulders it rests like a trimming on her cape.

Once inside, she wends her way to the front of the altar, where she sinks on her knees, weary and almost exhausted. In her hands she firmly holds a few parcels—all that her store of means will allow for the coming morrow, which should bring joy into the world—love and happiness for some, but only tears and memories for others. Why is the world thus divided? Why should the same time bring both joy and pain? Alas! it was ever so, since the portal of Eden closed on the first wanderers, and the cold, barren world met their anxious view—the stern world where the glad Christmas bells never had rung.

Inside, the edifice wears a sombre aspect. Here and there a few are kneeling, whose thoughts are not in keeping with the season's bustle and merriment. Lowly they kneel, their lips, where smiles are strangers, move slowly as they pour out their griefs, at the fountain of peace and resignation, whose flowing waters are for the healing of the nations.

In the gilded chapels, which closely adjoin either side of the church, others are praying to their patron saints; and in some of the confessionals, penitent sinners are pouring out the burden that oppresses them, ere the joyous Christmas chimes shall thrill the world with melody that shall awake from slumber the hearts which are glad that a Messiah is born. The solemn voice of the priest penetrates the semi-darkness, while he administers comfort to the transgressor. The beads sometimes clink as they fall from the trembling hand of one who has almost lost hope, on whom the world's coldness has fallen, shutting out the glad rays of a happy tomorrow.

Almost noiselessly, figures move like spectres up and down the long aisles, some emerging again into the snowy atmosphere of the winter night. Before the altar still kneels the black-robed woman upon whom the tall candles shed a mellow light. Evening service is being sung. Faintly, then more clearly, the Angelus sounds, re-echoing through the vaulted ceiling. The service ends, but the woman moves not. Those who have gathered mingle together as they pass out of the swinging door. The picture over the altar almost startles the beholder as the light flickers over it. The world seems suspended in the air. Does it really move? Ah! yes it seems to, and there is the Western continent almost clasping hands with the Eastern.

The woman, slightly raising her head, sees the globe, high up, so clearly defined. It rivets her attention as she tries, first wearily, then with more interest, to decide which is the land of Palestine. Ah! Palestine, she thinks, when I was a little girl, how I loved to read of the mountains of Palestine, of the sea of Galilee, where Jesus sat in a boat just a little distance from the shore, speaking wonderful truths to the multitudes who gathered to hear him.

That must be the sea, just there, but the Savior she cannot discover. Well, no matter, he did walk on the shore and teach his disciples the way of life. And he walked on that same sea to reach his apostles in the boat. Peter, that ever boastful Peter, thought he could walk on the sea, too, so over the side he steps and tries to go to Jesus. But soon he began to sink, and then cried out for Jesus to save him. Then he heard the rebuke, "O ye of little faith!" How clear the sea is! the waves dance along, while clouds, through which the light of another day is

reflected, hover above the horizon. How peaceful the hour as Jesus and Peter join the other disciples in the boat. Then the scene changes. She sees the waves mount high, white-capped, angrily dashing against each other. And there is a little boat. But see! it goes down out of sight. Then it rises on the next wave, the wind tossing it about as if it were a thing of naught, and no human life were at stake. The war of the storm drowns the cries of the fishermen. O, will they perish? Who is that standing with arm uplifted like one of majesty and power?

"I know," she said to herself "that is Jesus. And see! the waves begin to subside, the winds to blow less fiercely; the dark storm-clouds lift from over the sea, and lo! all is still." "Peace, be still." She knows the words. "O, why does he not say, 'Peace, be still,' to troubled hearts, as he did to the sea?" And this is Christmas eve, she thinks,—not on the sea! No; as the picture and the time confuse themselves in her brain.

They were happy Christmases, long ago. Then she was a wife and proud mother. Then warm baby hands were clasped around her neck, and baby kisses thrilled her heart. How radiantly beautiful was all the world! how full was life! The sun shone in gladness all the day long. How eagerly she listened for the welcome footfall of the husband, returning after his day's absence! She shivers, as a cold draft blows on her from the opening door. Long ago, the grave had closed over him, she had loved. The heart, whose beats were only for her and the babe, was stilled forever.

Tears course down the furrowed cheek. Almost they blot out the picture upon which she has been gazing.

The years pass by like ghosts. Each one seems to press more heavily upon her heart. The baby grew to manhood, but so restless, so impetuous that he had gone away like thousands of others, to win glory in fighting the battles of his country. "Five years," she moans, "five years tonight, since he said goodby, and sailed away from sunny France."

The world had seemed a blank. Letters one, two, three, had come, saying he was well was achieving fame, which brought him happiness; and that some day he was coming home to live and cherish his darling mother. "Some day," she wearily sighed, "how much longer can I wait? Will my heart bear the separation? Can life's cords bind me yet longer to earth?"

Then the dreary home rises in her mind, and more closely she holds the few comforts she had purchased. Again her eyes rest upon the painting. Yes, there is the Madonna, the babe close in her embrace just stepping onto the world. "O, happy mother," she cries, mother of that Glorified One, have mercy on me!"

The lights are burning more brightly, more people are passing to and fro. The whole building is suddenly ablaze into light, for lo! the mother and babe are stepping on to the world. The world where cruel people sought his life. The world where he grew in grace and stature, finding favor with God, but hated of men. See! there is the land of Palestine, and "the green hill far away" drenched with blood. Between earth and sky, on the cross he hangs! O, Palestine, O, Palestine! O, pity the weeping mother, she too has lost a son.

The woman's reverie is broken. Louder now the music sounds; quicker, more happy. Light, like day, fills the church. Lifting herself up, she almost drops upon the chair. Sweet voices fill the place. She listens to the heavenly strains, the rare melody, that seems floating all around and above her.

Is that the angels singing on the plains of Judea? "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." The voice is a deep, wonderful one. Then others take up the strain. "Glory to God, Glory to God." Is an invisible choir chanting the words?

The organ again pleads out its glad notes. "Hallelujah, hallelujah, Christ is born." The joyous strains are repeated over and over again. Once more the dark robed woman looks upon the picture. The world looks so beautiful; its atmosphere, hazy, gray and blue, and the Madonna's face is illumined with floods of light reflecting as it were the glories of the unseen world.

How gracefully in her clinging drapery, and caressing the babe, she steps on to the world. The whole scene is transfigured. The Immaculate One has come to earth.

The Christmas mass is ended. One by one the people arise and leave the building. What is that sudden rush? What those hurried commands? "Only a woman has fainted." Some press forward to gaze upon her, a tall, well-dressed man among the number; carelessly he looks to ascertain the cause of the confusion, when his eye rests upon her still, white face.

Quickly he springs forward, hurriedly bends down, "Mother, mother!" he cries and chafes her cold hands in his own. Her eyes open, then wearily close again.

"Mother!" he whispers, "mother!" "What a lovely dream," she faintly says. "I dreamed my boy was here." "He is, mother, he is!" cried the stranger. "Only, look upon me, your own boy." Love, the inspirer of life, quickens her pulse, and she hears the blessed word, "mother."

"At last, at last!" she cries, and clinging to him, bursts into happy tears. It was Christmas day, and joy had come into the world.

As the lights faded, the painting over the altar seems more distinct,

seems to stand out as though hung in space. How wondrously beautiful! The face of the Madonna, perfect in outline, is soft with mother love. The eyes look down upon the throng as they leave the building, fascinating the beholder. The story of the birth of Christ is thus beautifully depicted.

The church is almost empty, as mother and son, so long separated, but now so happily re-united, pass over the threshold, into the darkness without.

They go to her humble home, where it is long before his story is told, and he learns of her sorrows and grief. The faint rays of the glad Christmas day are glowing in the East, before they retire to rest.

A glorious sun succeeds the stormy night. Kneeling, they offer their gratitude to the Good Giver, and thank him for "blessed Christmas day."

Years have passed away since then. To the unknown land, they have journeyed on, but others remain, who plead for a joyous Christmas day,—a day when no creed or false doctrine shall cause a thought of cold distress, a day when Jesus shall come to earth again, and with him the righteous ones, to eat with him at the marriage supper of the Lamb. A day when the Church, no longer widowed, shall in all her glory become the Lamb's bride; when peace shall extend from sea to sea, and all shall know him from the greatest unto the least, and the Church of Jesus Christ is triumphant.

Come, day, when scoffs and scorn are no more known;
But arrayed in white before the great high throne,
We'll sing the songs of his redeeming grace,
And forever worship before his face.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

BY LEWIS A. MERRILL, PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURE, STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, UTAH.

Many of the readers of the ERA have arrived at that stage of life when the choice of an occupation must be made. The purpose of this article is to point out some facts which should be considered by our young men in entering upon their life's work.

Among the Latter-day Saints, there should be no young man who does not have an occupation of some kind. Although he may be financially independent today, the changing conditions of life may bring to him poverty tomorrow, and remunerative occupation may be to him a practical necessity in aiding him to provide sustenance for himself and family. Under such circumstances, many men have been saved from poverty, by possessing the knowledge and skill of an artisan, which enabled them to battle successfully against the financial misfortunes which had overtaken them. Aside from financial considerations, every young man in Zion should have an occupation, because of the security it furnishes against all those evils which result from idleness and a luxurious mode of life; or, in other words, because of its influence on the moral and social natures. "Idleness," it is said, "is the devil's workshop." True it is, that the young man who finds regular employment is not found around street corners, indulging habits which tend to his moral degradation.

If we consider the controlling influence which one's occupation must exert upon his life, his character and his happiness, and considering also the necessity of its possession, how important it seems that the selection of an occupation should be given most careful attention. And yet, how few of our young men fully realize what a factor the decision of this question is to be in all that will

go to make up the sum of success or failure in life. Probably not more than one man in ten, on the average, can be truly said to have chosen his occupation. It may have come to him as if by chance, or more correctly, circumstances may have changed the course of his life, and led him to adopt a vocation for which he either had no natural inclination, or for which he had never believed he possessed the requisite talent. It has been forced upon him, and after a time he has, perhaps, discovered that he was "building better than he knew," and the result may be satisfactory.

Sometimes a young man is brought up and educated in the profession or vocation of his father, or a noted business house is perpetuated through several generations in the same family, but such instances are exceptional rather than the rule.

We generally think of our occupation as less desirable than any other; we have found the objections that exist against it, and have too lightly esteemed, or entirely overlooked, the advantages peculiar to it; while we have seen all the apparent good points in our neighbor's calling, and failed to note the objections to which it may be, and doubtless is, liable. And thus it is often the case that fathers do not encourage their sons to follow the occupation which has proved so irksome to them, although they, perhaps, have been reasonably successful.

In choosing an occupation, one's own peculiar tastes, his likes and dislikes, his aptitude and his native ability, must be considered. Often a very young man reveals marked ability in a certain line of work, and in this he should be encouraged to put forth effort and energy, in order that he may overcome all obstacles and compel success. To most young men, that occupation which will be most likely to yield best financial returns is the one most likely to be chosen. It may be, however, that the pursuit of this occupation would prevent the young man from attending to his duties as a Latter-day Saint. The writer calls to mind a young man, now counselor to the president in one of the stakes of Zion, who refused employment in a bank, at a remunerative salary, because the particular duties required of him, did not give him the time to magnify his calling in the priesthood. This question, above all others, should be a controlling factor in choosing an occupation. Again, is the occupation one in which the mental and physical

natures will be kept healthy and active? Is it an occupation which will permit of the promotion of healthy family relations? These questions must be answered carefully, and in the light of the good judgment and experience of others. And right at this point may be the turning point of our lives. We should seek counsel of our older brethren, who have traveled over the way upon which we are about to enter. They know where the pitfalls and dangers are concealed, because they have traversed over these paths and are able to give advice founded upon experience.

The opportunities opening before a young man in these days are so many, and the need of skilled young men in all of the walks of life is so great, that he becomes confused. While the occupations may be divided into a few grand divisions, as the professions, agriculture, mechanic arts, commerce, etc., their subdivisions are numerous, but most of them are honorable when well filled. When Horace Mann, the great educator, after having been president of the Massachusetts senate, was offered the Secretaryship of the state board of education, his friends tried to dissuade him from accepting it, on the ground that it was a mere secretaryship with no honor attached to it. His answer was, "If the office is not honorable, then clearly it is my duty to make it so." Whether a calling is honorable or dishonorable depends upon the character of the man engaged in it. All necessary work is honorable, but that calling is most honorable which contributes most to the welfare of mankind. There are golden as well as honorable possibilities in most of the occupations, waiting to be improved by the young men, and it is their duty to study their own capabilities and measure their own ambition with that care and shrewdness which will enable them to make a wise choice.

Of late years, there has developed among our young men a disinclination to engage in industrial pursuits. Many young men leave the farm and go into some of our larger cities, and there engage in any kind of menial labor, if it enables them to wear fine clothes and a starched collar, rather than perform the duties required on the farm. Again, there are many of our young men who like the farm and hesitate to adopt farming, only because they fear that the returns of a farm are not equal to the efforts put forth. But if the great financial troubles which have at different times

swept over the country have proved one thing more conclusively than another, it is the certainty of the necessities, comforts, and even the luxuries, of life to those who sensibly and systematically follow farming. All professions but those of the farm and mine are more or less closely connected with the city. Of these, he hears and reads much, and often he learns of the success of this and that remarkable man. He does not hear of the purgatory of days and weeks, and years of weary labor, exhausting almost to discouragement, that most of these same men endured before success finally came. Of the final failure of many, he does not hear at all, nor of the wrecked hopes of the multitude that never enjoyed even a brief space of prosperity, in the intense struggle for existence, that characterizes all professions, and is destined to grow yet more bitter, more exacting, and more merciless. With the hard labor upon the farm he is thoroughly familiar. It is almost the only business which little children see in full operation, and which, in a way, they can understand and take part in; and in this fact lies the superior advantage possessed by the boy raised on a farm. He has seen more enterprises carried through from start to finish, accumulated more experience, and tested his power to a higher degree, than is possible with his city cousin, although in the learning of the schools he may be less adept, and in the language of the hour less fluent.

Our boys must get rid of the idea that it is more dignified and honorable to stand behind a counter measuring calico than it is to till the soil. There are hundreds of graduates of colleges, and some of the oldest and leading colleges in America, too, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists; in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem to be willing to do anything that is not regarded as work, anything that can be done in a city, in a house, in an office, but they avoid such work as farming, or industrial work, as they would leprosy.

That greatest colonizer of modern times, President Brigham Young, emphasized the importance and dignity of agricultural pursuits. He foresaw that under the peculiar conditions existing in this inter-mountain country, a system of agriculture could be produced, which would sustain a vastly greater population on the

same area than anywhere else in the world. The agricultural possibilities of this country have not begun to be developed, and while our leaders have been calling settlers out to open up new countries, they have at the same time in public and in private, emphasized the necessity of better methods of culture, of a more careful study of the needs of the soil, of a more systematic selection of crops, so that the lands already in possession of our people may sustain a greater population. Here, then, is the opportunity for our young men. They should prepare themselves for this work of raising our agriculture to a higher and more dignified standing than it has today.

Of all the occupations, none give opportunity for rearing the family under so nearly ideal conditions as does the occupation of farming; none furnish such good conditions for rearing children and developing them into strong, natural, useful and God-fearing men and women. No occupation gives the Latter-day Saint a better opportunity to attend to his religious duties; none offers so good an opportunity in building up and beautifying Zion. Let the parents realize, then, that though the work and drudgery of the farm sometimes seems unendurable, that their children are receiving invaluable training in coming close to nature, in learning her laws; and, through this training, a child's conception of the Creator and his handiwork becomes indelibly impressed. Let our young men realize that it is within their power to help transform the rude surroundings of the frontiersman, and the slovenly homes of the indifferent, into pure and beautiful homes, a part of our modern Zion.

But no matter what occupation a young man may choose, it will be impossible for him to succeed without unremitting toil. He must prepare himself for his life's work by educating himself for the occupation he has chosen. All ambitious young men desire an education, and no great class of people educate their children as well as do the Latter-day Saints. The mutual improvement worker who educates himself for his calling, and then enters into it with zeal, having a firm determination that for his own sake, and for the pride he has in the success of his people, will succeed, and the sacrifices he has made in preparing himself for his work will be most abundantly rewarded.

"FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY ELDER W. W. CLUFF.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

This remarkable saying of the Savior, was made when he was only twelve years of age, and should be a valuable lesson to all the sons of Latter-day Saints, since they are supposed to be interested in, and sooner or later should be engaged in, the same work that Christ performed, in preparing themselves to be teachers of righteousness, in their day.

The plan of salvation established by Jesus, is to be preached to all the nations of the earth, and this labor and responsibility rests largely upon the young men of Zion, and they, like the youthful Christ, should feel the necessity of commencing to prepare themselves, while young, for their life-labor, in order that when old enough to assume those sacred and important labors they will be well qualified to do efficiently their part in the great work of redemption and salvation of the children of men.

Young men, this is your calling and mission; will you take a course, like Jesus, to prepare yourselves for the work? Remember, "Many are called, but few are chosen." If you qualify yourselves, you will surely be numbered among the *few* who will be *chosen*; because you have been faithful.

As regards what the youth of Zion should be doing, to prepare and qualify themselves for this important work, I will call their attention to the circumstances that called forth the remarkable saying of Christ as quoted above. He had accompanied His parents and friends to the temple in Jerusalem, to attend the feast of the Passover, and while there the boy had met the elders and

wise men of Isarel, and heard them explaining and discussing the laws of Isarel, in which he seemed to take a great interest. While on the return of the party, they discovered that the boy was missing; and after three days' search, found him still in the temple listening to, and asking questions of, those learned rabbis who were astonished at the wisdom of his questions: and when gently reproved by his mother for causing them so much anxiety, he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He was learning wisdom and gaining experience by listening to and conversing with those wise men, and thus preparing himself to do the work his father had sent him to do.

So all young men, taking the example of Christ, should diligently seek to prepare themselves for the great work before them. Numerous opportunities are afforded them in the Sunday Schools, either as students or teachers; in religion classes; in the Improvement Association work; and when called by their bishop as ward teachers.

There is some complaint about young men, especially in the larger cities, being led into pernicious habits and practices; club life, and associations with secret societies, lead them away from the more important organizations and associations established for their good and improvement in the better ways of life. Those evil practices and idle habits, so often acquired in club life, must positively detract from their future happiness, and entirely disqualify them for that greater, nobler "work of their Father."

I advise the young men not to identify themselves with clubs and secret societies. Means and time there spent, can be much more profitably employed. When you reflect, you will readily perceive that intellectually, fraternally and socially, there is no necessity for joining those organizations, as all those advantages are amply provided for in our quorums and improvement organizations; in fact, the Lord, in his perfect system of church organization, has provided for all the wants of man. Then why should young Latter-day Saints go outside of that more perfect organization?

A small portion of the means, and the time, spent by young men who are in clubs, would supply them with the necessary books, and afford ample time to obtain a fair start in acquiring some one of the foreign languages which the late President George Q.

Cannon so frequently advised "our young men to study preparatory to carrying the gospel to those countries whose people have never heard it." What a glorious opportunity for you, young men! Think of the privilege of being messengers of life and salvation—bearing the message of Jesus Christ to nations who for ages have lived in heathen superstition, ignorant of the redemption wrought out for them by the Savior nineteen hundred years ago! Already we see this policy is being carried into effect by the calling of Apostle Heber J. Grant to go to Japan and open the Gospel door to the inhabitants of that great empire. As soon as that people are ready to receive the gospel, there will be a field for hundreds of our young elders who will have qualified themselves for that work, and it is only a question of a short time, when missions will be opened in other countries where the gospel has never been preached, and thousands of our young men will be needed for that work.

All the gratification and pleasure, young men, you would have in ten years in your club life and associations, would not be equal to the joy and satisfaction you would experience in *one year* in preaching the gospel to such a people, after having acquired a knowledge of their language. My advice to you, therefore, is that you give heed to the wise and timely counsel of the servants of God. Do not neglect nor delay your efforts in these important things; but, like the youthful Savior, be about the work of your Father, and he will abundantly bless you.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF ARIZONA.

BY EZRA C. ROBINSON.

Arizona is a land of natural wonders, of rugged mountains, "of deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven." The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in the northern part of the territory, is the most marvelous of the kind in the world; so the natural bridge in the central part, is one of the grandest of the kind at least in America, if not in the world. It is situated in the midst of a group of pine-crested and rock-ribbed mountains, and is inaccessible, except on horseback.

Deer are found in large numbers on the adjacent hills, and mountain lions are sometimes found in the surrounding wilds.

The road from Mesa City to the Natural Bridge is rough and mountainous for about one hundred miles, being almost impassable in some places, especially over a mountain called Reno, where it required three hours' time to ascend with a light buggy from the foot of the mountain to the top, a distance of three miles.

Some of the country intervening might well be termed the glory of desolation. For miles and miles are dreary sand wastes, covered with wild vegetation of the prickly pear order, while the eye is occasionally greeted with piles of huge rocks. Some of these rest one on another, as if placed there by a mighty giant's hand for the wonderment of succeeding ages, and they relieve the monotony of the continuously parched deserts lying between the rugged mountain peaks.

The Bridge spans a canyon four hundred and eighty feet wide through which a creek runs from east to west. The summit of the bridge is covered with trees, rows of grape vines, corn and vege-

tables of different kinds, which are watered from a beautiful spring of cool, clear water. At the west end, we gazed over a dizzy height of two hundred and thirty feet from the top of the bridge to the bed of the creek below. At the east end, the roof of the bridge is one hundred and eighty feet high from the bottom of the canyon. The average distance or height of the roof from the ground below, all the distance from east to west, is fully two hundred feet. The roof is oval-shaped, something like that of the Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City, and is composed of a surface of one hundred and eighty thousand square feet of petrified rock, overhanging without a single support except the perpendicular walls on each side.

In gazing from the top of the bridge at the west end, I was affected as when I stood looking from the top of the east tower of the Temple in Salt Lake City.

On the north side, beneath the bridge, the ascent is made by means of a series of ladders from crag to crag, for a distance of about one hundred feet, to a large cave which might well be termed a balcony of petrified honeycomb, white as snow. One shaft reaching from the roof of the cave to the floor was about the size of a stove pipe, and about ten feet long, it had the appearance of marble. The floor of the cave is on an incline of about forty five degrees, and to gain access to the inner chambers of the cave, it is necessary for a person to lie flat and drag himself through by catching hold of the cones hanging from the roof.

In the canyon east of the bridge, a small stream drips over the edge of a precipice, and in a few months petrifies whatever it drips upon. I saw old hats that had become petrified, and were as solid as rocks. I also saw a part of a rattle snake that had become petrified.

We entered one cave that seemed like a sanctuary, having a kind of balcony over-head like a pulpit, in which we entered and therein sang and recited.

After we ascended the steep side of the canyon, to the top of the bridge, we felt that it was truly a grand sight which we had beheld; and, mounting our horses, we ascended the rocky sides of a rough canyon, over into the beautiful little settlement of Pine, nestled in the rim of the Mogolone mountain. We felt well repaid for our visit to the Natural Bridge of Arizona.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

WRITTEN BY A BOY MISSIONARY, NINETEEN YEARS OLD, NOW ON A
FOREIGN MISSION.

DEAR MOTHER:—Come and sit down for a few moments, and rest yourself a little, for you must be tired from having worked so hard. Besides, as I have not seen you for a long time past nor had a chance to visit with you, I would now like to have a little chat. I will not detain you long, for my time is limited, and I will have to return to my work again.

During my absence from home, the one thing that gives me the greatest joy of all is that I have a testimony of the truth of the gospel, and a realization that I am engaged in the work of the Lord. But, as I rejoice in this thought, there comes to me another, which is one that makes my heart swell with gratitude for the noble parents God has given me. This new thought is born of the teachings which I received from a kind and loving mother, and the worthy example set me by an honorable and God-fearing father.

It is not every son who can point with pride to the virtue, honesty and untarnished character of his parents. On the other hand, how many young men are there, who, had they profited by the wise lessons, perhaps simply, but lovingly given by God-fearing parents; and had they followed the examples set by their fathers and mothers, would not now be slaves to those vices which lead down to death.

God grant that the blessings of a thankful son may fall upon the head of her, who, with tender words and earnest prayers instilled into my heart a love for God and truth; and who moulded

for me the foundation of a life, which, if I build well upon, will be a glorious success not only in this life but in the life to come.

Let there fall from heaven those blessings which a loving son invokes also upon the head of an affectionate father whose hair is now white, like the pure snow upon the mountain peaks; whose life is itself a tower of strength, imperishable as an example of complete devotion to the will of our Father in Heaven, and whose advice and counsel, as well as the promises he made to me, have thrilled my entire being until my ideal now is to be the worthy son of such a father; clinging to the truth like the ivy to the oak; that he, in a measure at least may be paid in the joy he will have in knowing that his boy is walking in the fear of the Lord continually. May I be endowed with such fortitude, courage, and integrity as will enable me to be worthy the name of my father and my mother.

When I think of the sacrifices which you, my dear mother, have made for the gospel's sake—the severing of your family ties, the losing the love of an only brother, and the trials incident to celestial marriage—I cannot help thinking, as I look upon your face, (picture) before me: there is one of the noble women of the earth, a faithful mother in Israel, destined to become a queen in the kingdom of our God.

Oh! mother! They talk about the degradation of the “Mormons,” and the corruption of the plural marriage system. But, as I look into your face, I see gentleness, love, joy and purity, depicted in every line that marks your features.

My heart swells with emotion as I tell the enquirer to look upon that picture—my mother—the plural wife of my father, than whom no sweeter, purer woman ever lived.

Such are not the features of immoral practices, sorrow or slavery; but the fruits of keeping the commandments of God. The results of plural marriages as manifest in the intelligence, physical strength as well as in the features of the offspring of these relations are, and ever will be, man's ever-able testimonies against those who assume to criticise, oppose and condemn this divine law.

As ever, dear mother, your loving

MISSIONARY BOY.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Why Not?

Austria has just received from the Sultan a promise of \$18,000 for damages which it is said to have received during the Armenian troubles. The bill which America had against Turkey for similar damages has been paid. France has just ended a naval demonstration in order to collect anywhere from ten to fifteen millions. The French fleet took possession of the island of Mytilene, opposite Smyrna, the chief seaport of Asia Minor. Austria has also railroad claims, but what seems to be most interesting, in connection with the demand made by Austria, is the allegation that Austria is entitled to damages for insults offered to its consuls and young women by the police officers of Albania. Now it appears that these Albanians of which Austria complains are of the clan which constitute the chief and trusted bodyguard of the Sultan. Dare the Sultan call these Albanians to account? Would he not risk his own personal safety by giving them offense? Whose claim next?

It is certainly true that almost all the European nations some few years ago had lodged large claims against the Turkish empire, with the Sultan. The famous Turkish expression "Bakalum," (we'll see) used to give satisfaction, but the Powers are now insisting on their money. England will not press any claims at this time. Germany is carrying on her transactions, on the side, getting railroad concessions and mining franchises. While it is undoubtedly

true that the Turk has neglected to pay a number of his bills, yet it is equally true that a large number of these bills represent exorbitant and unjust demands. In dealing with Turkey, it has been the habit of its creditors to put in almost any sort of bill they saw fit, and the Sultan generously acquiesced in the amount with the tacit understanding, on his part, that the bills would never be paid. The recent methods of extracting claims made against the Turkish government, by a display of military force, will probably arouse the Turks to a higher degree of caution in the future; and, hereafter, we may expect that all future bills against the Turkish empire will first be audited.

South Africa.

The news from the seat of war is very meager. Only scanty reports of actual engagements are given out to the public, so strong is the censorship of the press. After the war is all over, some correspondent will undoubtedly furnish to those who are interested in this protracted and unparalleled war carried on in South Africa, the many interesting details which we would now be glad to receive. The astonishing announcement now is made that in the concentration camps, where the Boers, men, women and children, are held in subjection to military control, 4,633 children have died within the last three months. This is an appalling mortality, and is exciting the strongest feelings of contention throughout Europe, and adverse criticism in the United States. The Boer's love of independence is intense. It amounts to a passion. He sees before him no other such opportunity of a *trek* as he had when he left the dominions of Great Britain, in 1835, and therefore declares he will die rather than surrender.

Generally throughout this country, there is a wish that what appears to be so unequal and hopeless a struggle should end. The Boer sympathizers call attention to the fact that our Revolution against Great Britain covered a period of eight years. However, the analogy is not perfect. Throughout the entire period of the Revolution, we were not very long at a time without reasons to feel hopeful. It is impossible from our observation and ability to judge the situation, to think that the Boer can ever hope to win.

The most unfortunate thing of all, however, is the attitude of the noncombatant Boer. If he is loyal to Great Britain, his brother in arms treats him as a traitor. If loyal to his Dutch republic, he is guilty of treason to Great Britain. Between the Devil and the deep sea, the noncombatant is in despair, to say nothing of his subjection to the punishment which the one or the other of the contending forces is likely to inflict upon him.

Troubles in Greece.

Announcement has recently been made through the press that the kingdom of Greece is in domestic revolution over an attempt, made by a certain class at Athens, to translate the Bible into the modern Greek language. The proposition led to an uprising among the students of the university, and in the efforts to quell the disturbances a number were killed. It would seem that there ought to be a universal wish that the Bible be translated into modern Greek, and yet this is really what has already been done. But the opponents claim that the now proposed translation is one intended to introduce something of the Russian vernacular, and that the present suggestion to render a new translation into modern Greek is the beginning of an effort to Russianize Greece, and to make the religious authority of Russia, in time, supreme over that of the Greeks. Russia, it must be remembered, adopted the Greek Catholic faith in refusing to accede to the claims of Rome. The Greeks, however, are a turbulent people, and have been engaged in quarrels with every race with which they have come in contact from the time of the ancient Persians to the present. In the middle ages, they engaged in numerous contentions similar to the one that is now arousing all of Athens. Then, however, the trouble arose over a certain word in the text; whether or not it should be changed, inserted, or left out.

The Greeks have a vain notion that they are great orators. That it is their mission to restore the eloquence of antiquity. Most Greek students, therefore, naturally fancy themselves a Demosthenes or a Pericles. At funerals, and all public functions, great oratorical effusions take place, and, in these efforts, attempts are made to restore the ancient classics.

In 1887, the writer visited Athens, and, as he now remembers, in every church that he visited, and every day in the week, someone was delivering an oration from the church pulpit to a few spectators and others who constituted a sort of roving audience. Whether the Greek will ever attain to any of his ancient eloquence is a question of great doubt. One thing, however, he seems never to have lost, and that is his disposition to fight, and he fights like a Greek.

A Japanese Divorce.

Much of late has been said about economic conditions in Japan. Labor is cheap, foods are cheap, transportation is cheap, and if we may believe the *Japanese Times*, in which the annexed letters appear, divorces are cheap. Attorneys fees are no consideration, no costs of court, no alimony. Here are the letters:—

Mr. Sokichi Yamamoto:

SIR: You have been guilty of improper flirtations with my wife, Tsune, and the affair has greatly grieved me. For this reason, I have made various complaints against you for your offensive conduct, through the members of our communal body, and you have sent me endless apologies; but as I find them unsatisfactory, I have, like a man, decided to get rid of my wife, and I do herewith give and transfer her to you. Henceforth, I will not entertain any lingering affection for the woman, and in proof thereof, witness my signature.

KAMEKICHI FUJIKAWA.

Mr. Kamekichi Fujikawa:

SIR: It is indisputably true that I have been guilty of intimacy with your beloved wife, and on that account, I have sent you apologies through the members of our communal body. You have, however, steadfastly refused to forgive, and have instead forwarded your wife to me. As it is your will, I beg herewith to acknowledge receipt and transference of said wife, etc.

Aeromobiles.

People are beginning to wonder whether or not before long aeronauts will not be darting around in the air above us as the horseless carriage, the automobile, is moving to and fro in our streets today. The world has never in modern times been without

its balloon-makers and advocates of navigation of the air. The efforts of such enthusiasts have been ridiculed by popular and scientific writers, and the world quite generally has never taken very seriously any efforts to realize traveling by balloon. A short time ago however, a somewhat startling announcement was made that one Alberto Santos-Dumont, the son of a millionaire coffee king of Brazil, had constructed a balloon by which he made a journey through the air from St. Cloud, a suburb of Paris, to the city of Paris, and around the celebrated Eiffel tower, and returned again in less than half an hour. The distance must be something like six miles. This was a marvelous feat, and so well was the airship kept under control that everyone realized that science had won a victory. The prize for this feat was one hundred thousand francs which the generous Santos-Dumont at once distributed to the poor of Paris, as the aeronaut is a millionaire himself.

In November, this aeromobilist left Paris for Monte Carlo, in the southern part of France, where he has begun preparations for a trip through the air over the Mediterranean, from Monte Carlo to the island of Corsica, a distance of about one hundred miles, which he expects to make in less than four hours. This, he declares, is simply a preparation for the larger problem which he expects to solve, namely a mid-air voyage over the Atlantic from Ireland to Nova Scotia. Mr. Santos-Dumont recently granted an interview in which he handed the interviewer a letter which he had just written to his brother. The letter portrays something of the character of the man, and I herewith give some pointed and suggestive passages:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You have understood me. The flight from St. Cloud and back again was only the beginning—but it proved every one of my contentions. The Santos-Dumont VI was as absolutely amenable to direction as the horse you ride. Your horse may shy at a peasant (beggar?) in the road, but you control your horse; so a gust of wind may give me trouble, but I rein up my steed and go on, without danger, along the road in the air. You must not think about my danger. My sister remembers when I sent up my first balloon. It was in 1874, and I was one year old. When she pulled it down for me, I put my fist through it to see what was inside. Nothing—and ever since I have found that if you put your fist through what seems extraordinary there is

no danger. It is like your own danger, when Juan ran at you with his knife—you knocked him down, and his knife was useless. * * *

In my way of life it is just the same. I do not run any risks because I take into account every risk before I say "Let go." Then, once in the air—when I have seen to every possible preparation—I know that everything depends upon myself. That gives confidence. I tell myself that the motor may stop, the rudder break, something happen—then I remember father's: "Nobody else will help you—take care of yourself."

* * * * *

You think it only fair that I should come home and make a trip in America. You must not think I do not love Brazil because I love France—our father's country. But what could I do for Brazil? I may make France so strong that war against her may be impossible. Then I shall have done something. I may make war impossible; that will be the most patriotic thing I can do for Brazil."

THE PROCRASTINATOR'S LULLABY.

The letter that I ought to write, and put off day by day,
The many tasks I ought to do, the calls I ought to pay,
The social favors that I owe, and should return—someway
I think of them and yawn—heigh-o-o! I'll wait another day.

The poem that I ought to write, the fame I should attain,
The laurels that my hands would reach, the name I hope to gain,
They urge me, scourge me, beckon me, revile me, but someway
I sit and think and yawn—heigh-o-o! I'll wait another day.

The little good I ought to do, the poor I ought to aid,
The weak I should lend succor to, all in my mind arrayed
March angrily and to and fro, I ought to—but someway
I sit and dream and yawn—heigh-o-o! I'll wait another day!

Since you're my friend—a valued friend—I don't mind telling you,
To do 'em all I do intend—the tasks I ought to do—
I thought this morning this would be the day, but now, someway,
I'm tired; I don't believe—heigh-o-o! I'd better—work—today.

The Bismarck Tribune.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHERE AND HOW COUNSEL SHOULD BE SOUGHT.

The attention of the young men in the Church is called to the need of conforming to the order of the Church in matters of difficulty that may arise between brethren, and members and officers, and also in other things where counsel is sought. It is often said that the organization of our people is very perfect. Many men of the world, who regard us little for our religion, have admired our organization, instituted as we declare by the inspiration of the Father to his servants who were instrumental under his direction in founding this work.

The youth of Zion should remember that the foundation principle in settling difficulties lies in the persons themselves who are in difficulty making the adjustments and settlements. If those who vary cannot adjust their differences, it is infinitely more difficult, if not impossible, for a third or fourth party to create harmony between them. In any event, such outside parties can only aid the contending persons to come to an understanding.

But, in case it is necessary to call in the Priesthood as a third party, there is a proper order in which this should be done. If no conclusion can be arrived at, in a difficulty or difference between two members of the Church, the ward teachers should be called to assist; failing then, appeal may be had to the bishop, then to the high council of the stake, and only after the difficulty has been tried before that body should the matter ever come before the general presiding quorum of the Church. It is wrong to disregard any of these authorized steps, or authorities. It is

wrong, generally, to bring a matter before the bishop before it has been passed upon by the teachers; so, also, before the high council, before it has been heard by the bishop, and to the Presidency of the Church, apart from rare and exceptional cases, before it has been a subject for consideration by the high council.

This matter is generally understood in cases of difficulty, but does not seem to be so well understood in what may be termed smaller, but nevertheless quite as weighty, subjects. We often find instances where the counsel, advice and judgment of the priesthood next in order is entirely overlooked or completely disregarded. Men go to the president of the stake for counsel when, in reality, they should consult their teachers or bishop; and often come to the First Presidency, apostles, or seventies when the president of their stake has never been spoken to. This is wrong, and not at all in compliance with the order of the Church. The priesthood of the ward should never be overlooked in any case where the stake authorities are consulted; nor should the stake authorities be disregarded that the counsel of the general authorities may be obtained. Such a course of disregarding the proper local officers is neither in conformity with the Church instructions and organization, nor conducive to good order. It creates confusion. Every officer in the Church has been placed in his position to magnify the same, to be a guardian and counselor of the people. All should be consulted and respected in their positions, and never overlooked in their places.

That the labors of the general authorities might the more be spent in the promulgation of the Gospel to the nations, President Snow was inspired, just before his death, to call attention to and emphasize this order of government and to show that the responsibility, especially of the government of the stakes, should be and is placed on the stake authorities who, of necessity, must look to their ward authorities for aid. That this order may be the more effectual, the people must learn that the ward and stake authorities must be respected in their places, must be looked to for the settlement of difficulties, for counsel, for advice in business, for religious instruction, and the settlement of doctrinal questions in conformity with the revealed word, and for all other matters where counsel is sought, always bearing in mind the order of appeal from

one to another, from the lowest to the highest. The counsel of the priesthood should be diligently sought, and the authorities, all along the line, should be faithfully upheld; no officer, under the influence of his calling, will fail to seek the Spirit of God that he may perform his duties efficiently; and, if he is in doubt, he should seek the counsel and advice of his superior, in all things, just as the presidency and apostles ever seek the Father for light and knowledge.

In this way only can prevail that harmony and unity which are characteristic of the Church of Christ. The responsibility also of this great work is thus placed upon the laboring priesthood, who share it with the general authorities; and, thus likewise, the perfection, strength and power of Church organization shine forth with clearer lustre.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

In accordance with the very timely and appropriate suggestion of the First Presidency of the Church, the ninety-sixth anniversary of the birthday of the Prophet Joseph, was fittingly remembered in all the cities and settlements of Zion, this year, by special commemorative services, held in all the wards on Sunday, December 22nd.

It is specially proper to hold in sacred remembrance, and to teach the youth to honor, his name, owing to the great mission which he was permitted to perform in the establishment of the Church of Christ upon the earth, which he did notwithstanding the persecution which he was compelled to undergo. He taught men the gospel, after it had been taken away from the earth, and was instrumental in sustaining and reestablishing the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ as no other man has done in the Christian era. He stands next to the Savior as the leader of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, the revealer of truth and the way of life. Hence it is most fitting that his name should be held in

sacred remembrance by the Saints, and that the children of Zion should be taught to honor his memory.

This people in the past have been involved in the building and formation of a new and undeveloped country, in which labor they have spent their energies to lay the foundation for the present prosperous material conditions. They have scarcely had time to dwell upon birth or death, or the glorious mission of the prophets of God; and it is true that Joseph Smith and his mission have not always received that recognition that his labor, and its importance and magnitude should demand. It is, therefore, pleasing and appropriate, and will result in good, that his name and mission should be held in remembrance as on the occasion referred to; and it is to be hoped that now, when the people have more time for thought, and leisure to devote to their spiritual welfare, that the Prophet's anniversary will be held, from this time forth, in sacred remembrance, and his glorious mission in daily sacred reverence.

Time admonishes us that his centennial natal day is close at hand; and, at that time, nothing could be more fitting than its universal celebration by the Saints of God, in some appropriate manner that would tend to build his monument, not only in perishable stone and marble, but more particularly in the hearts and lives, the everlasting memory, of the Saints, and the youth of Israel.

BOOK MENTION.

Rhymelets in Many Moods.

"Rhymelets in Many Moods" is the title of the first volume of the Home Circle Series, and is a book of poems by Henry W. Naisbitt. It contains four hundred pages of selected poems from the voluminous writings of this well-known, home author, who justly contends that his poems have been inspired by the faith, associations, and experiences of a long and active life in Utah. In his exordium to

the reader, he states that his verses have been written more as a relaxation than as a profession, and that, while he assumes no poetic genius, his poems express the homelike aspirations which belong to the masses to whom they are dedicated.

Many familiar pieces are to be found, and it is a book containing many gems of thought that will prove profitable reading for the holidays, and that all lovers of home literature will rejoice to have thus placed in permanent form before the reading public.

The typographical work is done by the Star Printing Co., and is worthy in every respect. The book will prove a valuable present for the season of gifts, and costs, cloth gilt, with portrait, only \$1.75. It may be obtained from the author, 78 E Street, or from the publishers, Salt Lake City.

NOTES.

Ambition is the mother of industry, and when the latter is properly directed, reflects honor upon its parentage.—GEORGE W. CROCHERON.

Success is costly, if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood.

Poverty and hardship have ever been great schoolmasters of the race, and have forced into prominence many a man who would otherwise have remained unknown.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will, and a quality of life.—LOWELL.

"A man's house," says Beecher, "should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the

day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest days."

In view of what we have seen to the contrary from young authors, and even from missionaries, the following instructions to writers, are timely: "Never write crosswise on a letter; use sufficient paper to say what you wish to. Avoid the habit which so many have fallen into of repeating ideas. Frame your sentences to clearly convey your thought or idea. Use no unnecessary words.

Our little griefs and cares and anxieties do not cloud the sun's brightness or draw a veil over the blue sky, nor do they rob nature of any of her charms or deaden the joyous sounds of life. They are all there trying, trying to woo us from our selfish absorption, pleading with us to look up and out, not down and in. "We talk of human misery," says Canon Farrar; "how many of us derive from life one-tenth part of what God meant to be its natural blessing?"

Happiness is normal; unhappiness is abnormal. God meant for us to be happy; it is our own fault if we are otherwise. Circumstances and conditions may control our bodies, to a certain extent, in that we may be constrained to be at a certain place and do a certain work for a certain number of hours each day; but no circumstances or conditions, no man or woman, should control our minds. We can become whatever God intends us to be, no matter how hard the tasks which our hands have to do.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives these twelve maxims which he has tested through years of business experience, and which he recommends as tending to insure success:—1.—Have a definite aim. 2.—Go straight for it.—3.—Master all details. 4.—Always know more than you are expected to know. 5.—Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome. 6.—Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort. 7.—Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back. 8.—At times be bold; always, be prudent. 9.—The minority often beats the majority in the end. 10.—Make good use of other men's brains. 11.—Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly. 12.—Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—November 20—Martha Knight Kimball, a Utah pioneer, aged 97, died in Hooper, Weber Co.....21—The first car of Logan sugar reached the Salt Lake market.....The Tooele County Board of Health quarantines against Salt Lake children, owing to prevalence of scarlet fever and diphtheria in latter place.....22—Police Chief, Thomas Hilton is asked to resign by Mayor Ezra Thompson of Salt Lake.....23—The consolidation of the Co-op. Wagon and Machine Company, and the Consolidated Implement Company, the two largest implement houses in Utah is announced.....Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii was tendered a reception in the Bee Hive House, where a suitable program was rendered, and an appropriate address of welcome given by President Joseph F. Smith.....24—Queen Liliuokalani attends the Salt Lake Tabernacle service, at which prayer was offered by W. W. Cluff, and is later tendered an organ recital attended by many thousand people.....25—Governor Wells opened the third annual exhibit of the Utah Art Institute. Geo. H. Taggart received the \$300 state prize, for his painting "Prayer".....George Wardle, a pioneer of 1847, born Leek, England, February 3, 1820, died in Vernal, Uintah Co.....26—William S. Haynes, a Chicago traveling man, was shot in the Knutsford lobby by nineteen-year-old Roy Kaighn.....Soren L. Petersen, of Huntsville, born Aarhus, February 20, 1835, died.....Thomas Hilton declines to resign as chief of police, Salt Lake.....28—Senator Kearns arrives in New York, after a six weeks' sojourn in Europe. At a game of foot ball, the University of Nevada boys defeated the University of Utah 6 to 2.....Dr. P. J. McKenna fell from a Rio Grande, Park City, train and was seriously injured.....Thanksgiving was generally observed, it being a year of plenty and blessing seldom equalled in Utah.....29—Protests were wired to Washington by leading citizens opposing leasing

of Uintah mineral lands.....Dr. Patrick J. McKenna, a man whose heart was always touched by poverty and sickness, died from the effects of his injuries in falling from a train in Parley's Canyon.....The Short Line makes a wheat rate of 40 cents per hundred from the north-west at request of millers.

December 1—The stock sales for November were, 1,989,406 shares for \$1,488,121.30; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,794,000.....A natural gas gusher was struck near Brigham City.....4—The President's message is generally regarded very favorably by Utah people.....The Salt Lake stock exchange abolishes "futures.".....Captain Edward Brown, born England, January 7, 1835, a veteran of the civil war died in Springville, Utah Co.....5—Eugene Humphreys, a miner, was killed by a snowslide in Big Cottonwood Canyon.....General Miles informs Senator Kearns that he favors the enlargement of Fort Douglas.....6—A court martial is appointed to meet at Fort Douglas December 12th for the trial of Major Peter R. Egan, U. S. A; the charges being made by Major G. S. Young of the 18th infantry which came to Salt Lake from the Philippines in October.....John S. Critchlow is chosen president of the new inter-mountain base-ball league.....7—It is definitely decided that Hon. A. L. Thomas will be renamed for postmaster of Salt Lake City.....8—Henry Bailey, born April 6, 1811, in England, died in Ogden.....13—J. Walcott Thompson succeeds George L. Nye as reporter of the Supreme Court, the latter resigning to assume the duties of city attorney of Salt Lake, January 1st.....14—D. S. Davidson, a well known Salt Lake stockman, died, age eighty-three years.....15—The Western Union Telegraph relay office was removed from Ogden to Salt Lake which reduces the Ogden force ten men and increases the Salt Lake force that many.....15—The Lehi beet factory consumed 78,000 tons of beets this season and made eighteen million pounds of sugar up to the hour of closing for the season tonight.....16—W. S. Haynes who three weeks ago was shot by Roy Kaighn died of his wounds.....Postmaster A. L. Thomas was today nominated by President Roosevelt for postmaster of Salt Lake.....Senator Kearns requests, and the department of justice in Washington promises, that "Mormon" missionaries shall be protected from mob attacks like the one recently made in Georgia.....The Agricultural Park is chosen as the site of the state fair grounds.....17—James R. Hay, secretary of the Pacific Lumber Co, disappears, and his body buried under a shallow covering of earth is later found, not far from his home, in southern Salt Lake, showing that he was foully murdered.....Jane Walker, born

Scotland, May 7, 1843, came to Utah in 1868, died in Coalville.....
 Pehrnila P. Anderson, a pioneer of Ogden Valley, and mother of Edward
 H. Anderson, born in Sweden, December 9, 1816, came to Utah in 1864,
 died in Huntsville, Weber Co.

DOMESTIC.—*November* 19—Secretary Hay, at a New York banquet,
 defines the foreign policy of the United States in these words: The
 briefest expression of our rule of conduct is the Monroe doctrine and
 the Golden Rule.....The Commercial Pacific company awarded
 the contract for making and laying the first section of its cable from
 San Francisco to Honolulu.....20—Thirty men were caught in a
 burning Colorado gold mine, and only one rescued alive.....The
 Reciprocity convention in session at Washington urges the creation of a
 department of commerce and industry.....22—Major Wm. Crozier
 is made Brigadier-General, to succeed Gen. A. R. Buffington, retired, as
 chief of ordnance.....23—President Roosevelt and family spent
 the day cruising on the Potomac.....Harvard defeated Yale at
 football: score 22 to 0.....24—The New England coast was
 swept last night and today by the heaviest storm in years, causing
 great destruction to property.....25—A Cuban delegation called
 on President Roosevelt, urging the necessity of reduction in American
 tariff upon Cuban products.....26—Secretary Root's annual re-
 port discusses relations with Cuba, urging prompt reciprocity arrange-
 ments.....27—Clement Studebaker, the wagon manufacturer,
 died at South Bend, Ind.....Ex-Governor, D. H. Waite, of Colo-
 rado, dropped dead at Aspen, Colo.....29—All the business
 houses at Plainfield, Wis., were destroyed by fire.....30—The
 House Republicans in caucus at Washington, renominated Speaker Hen-
 derson and other officers of the last House; the Democrats, James D.
 Richardson for Speaker.....West Point defeated Annapolis in the
 annual football game: score 11 to 5.

December 1—Several small engagements occurred in Batangas
 province, Luzon, P. I., last week; seventy per cent of the population,
 covering fifty-eight per cent of the island's area, are living now under
 civil government.....2—The Fifty-seventh Congress opened, the
 House elected Speaker Henderson and other officers as before.....
 The Supreme Court held that duties on goods coming from the Philip-
 pines were unconstitutional, and that duties collected on goods in Puerto
 Rico from the United States were legal3—President Roose-
 velt's message was read and heard with great interest in both houses
 of Congress. It is nearly free from partizan politics, but its recommen-
 dations are the burden of the party in power, in both the executive and

judicial branches. He advocates government aid in reclaiming the arid west, favors the ship subsidy bill, is amicably disposed towards the great corporations, a little cold towards protective tariff, in favor of better trained soldiers and sailors, but opposed to the increase of the army, while he advocates persistency in building up the navy. He denounces anarchy and declares that the time has come to treat the Indian as an individual and not as a member of a tribe, and favors a Pacific cable, and promotion in all departments by merit. He is very vigorous in treating the Philippine question, and thinks we are in danger of displaying "too great a humanitarian spirit." On the whole, it is a masterly document.....

.....5—The text of the new Hay-Pauncefote isthmian canal treaty was made public.....Uintah Utes visit the President at the White House.....The American Federation of Labor convention opened at Scranton, Pa., with 285 delegates.....8—The director of the mint suggests that the limit of the stock of subsidiary coin should be increased to \$120,000,000.....An \$18,000 school house fell into a heap, owing to being undermined by water, at St. Anthony, Idaho.....Andrew Carnegie offers ten million dollars to the cause of university extension in the United States.....9—H. J. Fleishman, cashier of Farmers' and Merchants' bank at Los Angeles, decamps with \$100,000.....13—The Schley court of inquiry made its reports public. Admiral Dewey makes a separate report, sustaining Schley in most points, while Admirals Benham and Ramsay condemn him in eleven points.....14—Caleb W. West, formerly governor of Utah, was appointed special Treasury agent of the San Francisco district.....A cold wave covers the entire east of the United States.....Signor William Marconi, at St. Johns, N. F., announces that he has received electric signals across the Atlantic from his station in Cornwall, England, which if true is the most marvelous achievement of modern times.....15—Floods in Pennsylvania have caused great damage.....16—The Senate approved the Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty, by a vote of 72 to 617—Charles Emory Smith has tendered his resignation to President Roosevelt, as Postmaster-General, and Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, will be named as his successor early in January.

FOREIGN.—November 20—Colombian rebels captured the town of Colon, and marines were landed from the U.S. warship *Machias* to guard the railway station.....21—Religious riots in Athens, aroused by the proposition to translate the Gospels into modern Greek, result in the police and marines firing upon the populace, killing seven persons and seriously wounding thirty.....23—Transit across the isthmus of

Panama continues uninterrupted.....24—The Greek cabinet resigned owing to the religious riots over the translation of the Gospels. A new cabinet was named, with M. Zaimis at the head.....25—U. S. marines took charge of transit over Panama.....King George of Greece suspended the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, Athens.....
27—The Peruvian republic has abolished the payment of postage on all kinds of newspapers.....The University of Copenhagen granted George Brandes an annuity of 5000 kroner for his services to Danish literature.....28—Czar Nicholas received Marquis Ito of Japan in audience.....Socialists forced the Belgian chambers to adjourn because the government would not entertain a proposition for universal suffrage.....30—The Isthmian war closed today by the surrender of the Liberal forces at Colon to Captain Perry of the U.S.S. *Iowa*, who in turn handed the men and their arms over to Gen. Alban, who guaranteed life and property to all who recently bore arms against the government of Colombia.....A banquet was given Gen. Bul-
 ler at Hotel Cecil, London, with great enthusiasm for the guest.

December 1—Great preparations are being made in Pekin for the return of the imperial court, and all the palaces and temples are repainted and regilded.....4—A deficit of \$1,446,480 was reported at the annual meeting of the British South Africa Co., London.....
7—British trade statistics for November show a marked decrease in both imports and exports.....9—Lord Onslow, of the British Colonial Office, announces that the concentration camps in South Africa have been placed under civil control.....10—The official date of King Edward's coronation was proclaimed in London as June 26, 1902.....The Imperial diet opened at Tokio, by the Emperor of Japan.....14—Signor Marconi solves the problem of signaling over the Atlantic without wires, a distance of 1700 miles.....The negotiation for the release of Miss Stone was turned over by the legations at Constantinople to the missionaries.

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